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THE EVOLUTION OF NEW TYPES IN FICTION.¹

THE attempt to awaken interest in the fate of creatures more or less like men and women, but who are in themselves purely imaginative, is obviously and in the nature of things made only when there is a public fairly well trained in literary taste. In other words, the novel is one of the forms of literature last to be developed. Narrative of some sort, whether ballad, epic, or verse romance, comes very early in the history of literature. But these narratives are not fiction, except it be in the broad sense in which all literary art is fiction, work of the creative imagination.

The difference between such a poem as the "Iliad" or the "Beowulf" or the primitive Arthurian epic and the work which we would class as fiction is rather simple, though criticism rarely takes the trouble to express it for us in set terms. We should say that the difference lies in the attitude of the narrator to his audience and to his subject. The author of the "Beowulf," for example, starts out with the assumption that the name and the fame of his hero are familiar to the public addressed; and, secondly, that the public knows the ways

¹Authorities used or cited: Raleigh, "The English Novel," Scribners, New York, 1898; Cross, "Development of the English Novel," Macmillan, New York, 1900; Tuckerman, "History of English Prose Fiction," Putnam, New York, 1899; Warren, "History of the Novel Previous to the Seventeenth Century," Holt, New York, 1895; Stoddard, "Evolution of the English Novel," Macmillan, New York, 1900; Chandler, "Romances of Roguery," Macmillan, New York, 1900; Perry, "A Study of Prose Fiction," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1903; Howells, "Criticism and Fiction," Harper's, New York, 1888; Matthews, "Philosophy of the Short Story," Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1901.

of gods and heroes to be unlike the ways of men, and that it does not expect and would not appreciate verisimilitude. To complete the contrast between the epic and the conscious fiction, the author of a conscious fiction has no favor to expect in the way of previous knowledge of, or interest in, the story or the characters he has to present, consequently he knows that his public will insist on verisimilitude; the story and its characters must be true to the facts of human life or true to some artificial standard with which the public is familiar. The singer of the great national epic was not concerned about the credibility of the tale he told, neither was his superstitious and reverential auditor; neither, we may remark in passing, is the modern critic. But when fiction becomes an art, we care for neither its novels nor its romances, unless, as De-foe expresses it, the lies are like the truth.

If, as we have tried to indicate, conscious fiction is a late literary type, what was its function and what its form in the days of its youth? Unquestionably, the earliest and the most essential business of fiction was to amuse, to divert the mind from an unsatisfying present, actual condition, and to direct it to the contemplation of imaginary or ideal conditions. In the second place, while endeavoring to amuse, fiction will find an opportunity to instruct; learning, in fact, is one form of amusement, though I fear it rarely seems so in the schoolroom. In the third place, fiction may attempt to teach a moral lesson.

This last is not really essential, unless we give the very broadest sense to the words to teach a moral. Nearly all fiction, with certain notable recent exceptions, broadens the mental horizon or awakens the human sympathies of the reader, and in so far nearly all fiction may be considered, broadly speaking, as teaching a moral. But the moral, taking the word in its more usual and narrower sense, is less commonly in itself distinctly valuable or elevating. There is, in fact, an enmity almost mortal between the moral precept and literary art as expressed in fiction. Those who seek amusement or innocent diversion are shy of being preached at, though in another mood they may find genuine enjoyment in the soberest of moral treatises. The teaching of a moral in fiction, therefore, is the most

difficult and delicate of tasks; accordingly, the earliest fiction evaded the difficulty and omitted the moral, and but a handful of the masterpieces in the fully developed art of fiction owe their prestige to their moral teachings.

If we look for a moment at the two other functions of fiction mentioned above, amusement and instruction, we shall find them very closely related, and combined, in some measure, in nearly everything that bears the name of fiction. When the writer fails to amuse, it is obvious that he fails also either to instruct or to elevate, for his patron is gloriously independent, and will ignore all appeals but those that please him.

With the obscure dawn of fiction in remote lands we shall not attempt to deal. For us the so-called Greek novels of the second to the fifth centuries—"Theagenes and Chariclea," "Daphnis and Chloe," etc.—have little significance, since there is a dark gulf separating them from the first efforts of mediæval imagination and the later developments in fiction. They sometimes furnished subject-matter, but they could not transmit their own art. We may turn our attention at once, therefore, to the legends, tales, and romances of the age of chivalry.

The legends of the saints, though displaying often imagination the most untrammelled by regard for sober fact, we hesitate to class as fiction. The legends of national heroes, often half-remembered fragments of the great epics of the past, began to take on a certain definite type, to assume a distinct literary form and literary conventions, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. As we all know from the handbooks of literature, the subjects were more or less restricted. Arthur and his knights, Charlemagne and his paladins, Alexander and his court, Hector, Æneas, and a few other Trojan heroes—these were the four great subjects. But we must remember that there were a few subjects besides those that we may group under these four heads, and that within themselves these subjects were almost limitless. For example, Arthur's Round Table was a circle of infinite radius, and might accommodate as many knights as poetic imagination could create and elect to a seat.

The name given by their authors to these knightly legends

was significant of what we have called the chief function of fiction, and has survived as descriptive of a kind of fiction to our own day. These poets called their works romances because they were written in *lingua romana*,² the Romance tongue—French, Italian, Provençal, whatever it might be—as distinguished from more solid words, intended primarily to instruct or to edify, written in *lingua latina*. The romances, then, were simply popular literature in the popular tongue; and the term romance might be and was applied with equal propriety to a ballad or song of only a few stanzas or to a narrative poem of forty thousand lines. But as the narrative poem became distinctly the most popular, representing the first considerable body of literature in the modern tongues, the term romance was appropriated to it. There was thus a tacit admission in the very name itself that these narratives were written to please the popular taste. And when English poets turned the narratives into their own popular tongue they preserved the name as an indication that the work was a translation. When, in the course of the thirteenth century, the roving singer ceased to recite his poem, and reading came into fashion, the verse narratives were turned into prose, and the name romance still clung to these prose narratives.

We shall not attempt to treat of the romances in all their bearings, only in so far as they are types of fiction. They are confessedly fiction; their characters, however idealized, are intended to be real men and women such as the reader might know. Thus the Alexander and the Æneas of the romances are not treated as historical personages, but are just like knights of the heyday of chivalry. And this brings us to the most obvious of the characteristics of this type of fiction, the utter disregard of historic truth and of locality. Just as Alexander was a mediæval knight, so his court, his Athens, his Greece, were all just the same in language, in fortification, in climate and trees and beasts and birds as the court, the London, the England of a feigned King Arthur. You may find lions and tigers enjoying the discomforts of an English April, and ap-

²Warren, pp. 4 fol.

parently as fiery in temper as if they had been in Sahara. The scenic descriptions of the romances of chivalry are almost entirely conventional, so that they will fit almost any country; trees of unspecified varieties grow in their forests, birds without names sing in the trees, and streams flow of a breadth and depth to suit the purposes of the story rather than to topographical facts.

The essential thing in modern fiction, as in drama, is the chain of circumstances called a plot. Within this chain of circumstances move the characters of the story, acting and reacting on each other, and impelled by more or less obvious motives toward a logical end. The motive force of the story in the vast majority of plots consists in love between two of the personages. The love story is the central thread, its chief personages are led by the force of love to "play fantastic tricks before high Heaven," and we are interested in them and in the logical outcome of their passion; while the other personages of the story exist only by reason of their connection with the central thread.

This idea of a plot was conceived in the very vaguest way by the romance poets. They appreciated the force and the literary value of the universal passion, but they used it in the crudest manner. There is, in fact, no plot worth speaking of in the great majority of the romances, merely an indefinite succession of adventures, in which the chief male character is involved before he is recompensed by the promised love of the chief female character. Each adventure is a little narrative by itself, without any essential connection with the main idea, with what precedes or with what follows. The number of adventures that the knightly hero may pass through is limited only by the inventive faculty of the author or the patience of his public, since there is no connection of cause and effect, and generally no notion of time. Indeed, it is doubly true that a thousand years in his sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Not only is there the most joyous and unrestrained anachronism, but knight and lady are young and fair at the beginning of the tale, the knight goes through twenty years of adventure and the lady through as many of

cruel disdain, and at the end both are as fresh and young as at the beginning.

Moreover, another point must be noted here—namely, that there is no attempt at character-drawing or character-development. Certain salient traits are noted, perhaps, in this or that knight or lady. The one is fierce or savage or sad, perhaps, but he is always fearlessly brave, a man of doughty deeds; the other is cruel or jealous or capricious, but she is always passing fair, and always ready to reward the devotion of the knight after he has been subjected to tests sufficiently severe.³ It is an axiom of the romances that ladies should be fair and knights brave; it follows that, since everybody knows how such characters look and act, there is no need for special description or discrimination. For us, haunted by memories of later work in these knightly legends, Gawain may represent some such quality as sturdy, rough strength, and Lancelot courtesy and faithfulness in guilty love, and Galahad gentleness and purity of heart and life. But it never occurred to the romancers that, under certain circumstances, Gawain and Lancelot and Galahad would all act differently, be different men. Neither did it occur to them that any one could take an interest in watching the play of circumstances upon character. For them Gawain, Lancelot, and Galahad were not really men swayed by infinitely various human emotions; they were merely brave knights whose duty it was to do the daring deed.

Not having a definite plot and distinctly individualized characters, it is clear that the romances can have no central motive, no purpose. When we read a modern story we are not satisfied with it unless it means something for us, unless there seems to be a deliberate purpose in the telling of the story to bring out and enforce certain facts or truths which may be of significance, good or bad, in our own lives or in the lives of others. We say that the writer of this story wanted to give us a picture of life in the steel mills, and to show the tyranny of employers there; or this writer shows us *Vanity Fair* and the vanities there. And then we feel satisfied, for the book has its purpose,

³ Raleigh, p. 5.

and we can determine for ourselves how it fulfills this purpose. But the mediæval romance has no purpose other than direct narration, spun out as long as may be. The interest is centered on the events, on the deeds done, not on the characters nor on the reason why things are done. If Lancelot meets an unknown knight in black armor in the forest, you must not ask, Why? what has this to do with Lancelot's being a lover of Queen Guinevere? If Lancelot fights with the knight and overthrows him, you must not ask, Why did they fight? The reader of the romances never asked such questions; he knew that it was the business of the knightly hero to fight almost everybody he met on the road, in field or forest, whether there was any reason for fighting or not. And so the knight and the reader hurry on to the next totally unexpected and unnecessary combat, and so on to the end of the story, when, without any apparent reason, the obdurate lady may yield, and a general prayer for the souls of all concerned in this good work may conclude the story.

There is no moral, for the most part, in the romances; they are not essentially immoral, but simply without moral. They do not seek to teach or to edify; they do not attempt to give information upon historical questions, or upon countries or peoples far or near; they neglect almost entirely the study of character in its infinite varieties. On what, then, it may be asked, do the romances rely for their interest? have they any interest? They rely upon the simple and universal interest in a narrative of action and surprising adventure. The child reading a fairy tale does not note the inconsequence of the events or their improbability; even so with the public that enjoyed the romances, its interest was kept alive by the number of gallant deeds boldly done, by the succession of unexpected and thrilling adventures. The public was interested in the romance hero because of his deeds; it loved him for the dangers he had passed. Is it going too far to suggest that the same interest survives in the thrilling histories of outlaws and Indian fighters, who are heroes to the small boy not because they are heroic, not because they are distinctly drawn living types, not because he has ever seen or known people like them, but because they are always fighting good fights, always getting into tight places and fighting their

way out, always astonishing him by the variety and danger of their experiences in life? Everyday life is notoriously humdrum and commonplace now; it was so to a certain extent to the lords and ladies in a feudal castle; the romance of chivalry and the dime novel alike appeal to the desire to find variety in life; they do not pretend to represent real conditions but idealized conditions, a life in which things happen more exciting than those to which the reader is accustomed, and from which he turns with jaded spirit to the story of life as he wishes it could be.

Along with the poetic romance, and on a somewhat lower plane, there was another type of fiction in the Middle Ages, the short tale called, in its two most distinct varieties, the *lai* and the *fabliau*. I shall attempt but a rough definition of these two forms, my purpose being, of course, to discriminate between them only in so far as they are types of fiction, and no farther.

With this caution, then, we may state that the *lai* is usually a complete and carefully elaborated little tale in verse. The chief personages are pretty sure to belong to the upper classes; and the interest is centered almost entirely upon one chief character and his relations to one or two subordinate characters, the motive force in the narrative being love long unrequited, love betrayed, revenge, or the like. The *lai* relies very largely, like the romance, upon pure narrative interest; but it is a far better constructed narrative. It has a definite plan or structure; there is a deliberate grouping of the materials to lead to a certain end, with no digressions, no loosely connected episodes to impede our progress toward an end to which we can look forward as to a logical and artistic conclusion. The *lai* is not in the least of the nature of an episode in a romance; it is a complete story in itself, and it frequently rejects entirely the merely marvelous or the merely adventurous in its appeal to the reader's attention. Though there is little or no attempt at character-drawing, the *lai* represents a decided advance in the art of fiction.

Less noteworthy as a type of fiction is the *fabliau*, whose essence is usually an anecdote. The *fabliau* is not a well-organized and complete story, with a definite purpose, serious

motives, and personages from knightly society. It is rather a mere comic anecdote dealing with the ludicrous mishaps of persons in the lower and middle classes; but these characters are presented with some degree of distinctness, and certainly with far more truth to life than the characters in the romances.

We can only allude in passing to the marvelous "Canterbury Tales," which were an English improvement on the new type of prose fiction just at the time becoming famous through Boccaccio's "Decameron." The short tales, each complete in itself, which are told by Boccaccio's Florentines are typical of what men called *novelle*, as being something new. This novel is not a direct descendant of any preceding type, and yet not entirely new. It discarded utterly the crude devices of the romance; it deliberately turned its face to the light, and chose prose in place of verse, and modern ladies and gallants instead of Guineveres and Lancelots of the brave days of old. But the same artistic adaptation of details to the working out of a definite story had been seen in the case of the *lai*. Regarded simply as narratives, the *novelle* are not better than the *lai* and the *fabliau*, some of whose teachings are here applied. The distinctive new thing about the *novelle* is, first, that they present pictures of what purports to be everyday society; and secondly, that the interest of the story no longer rests chiefly upon the mere events of the story, but upon the influence of the events on the fortunes of characters who are living human beings.

There is so much false enthusiasm and so much genuine scandal associated with the name of Boccaccio that one hesitates to praise his work; it has become quite the fashion in criticism to extol him as a sort of Homer in fiction, and to rank as the most perfect productions of their kind stories which, I venture to say, are read with genuine and wholesome pleasure by few, and which are certainly no more perfection in art than they are in morality. But this much we can say, that, though his Florentine ladies and gentlemen are not edifying in conversation or moral conduct, and though there is a tedious sameness in their general characteristics, they represent actual men and women of a certain class with far more vividness and far more

truth to life than the lay figures in anything which we have so far found in fiction.

From the time of the "Decameron" one would expect to find a steady progression in the art of fiction; all should be able to grow the flower, now that one had found the seed. But this was not the case. In England Chaucer seized upon the central scheme of a series of connected stories, improved upon the idea, and gave us the "Canterbury Tales." But, with the exception of two tedious homilies in prose, they are in verse, a definite retrogression for fiction. In substance the tales are largely of the nature of the *fabliau* rather than of the character of Boccaccio's short stories of modern fashionable society.⁴ Chaucer had no successor in English literature, and the art of fiction was not to advance beyond the artistic level of the prose romance of chivalry, as exemplified in Malory's "Morte D'Arthur," for something more than two centuries. In the close of the sixteenth century English translators and imitators made the public familiar with the short story on the model of Boccaccio. And with the short story they brought the name applied to it in Italy and France—novel. The older word, "tale," however, still held its own as descriptive of a short narrative in prose or in verse; while still another term, "history," was frequently applied to fictions of greater length.

But the prose romances of chivalry, and the newly rediscovered novels, and the histories of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, and of the peerless Lucrece, were not the only works of fiction that Queen Bess's courtiers knew. From Italy and Spain had come the new and, in England, short-lived type of the pastoral romance. There are but three famous examples of this type of fiction in English, and so we may as well mention them: Sidney's "Arcadia," Lyly's "Euphues" (in part only), and Lodge's "Rosalynde," the original of Shakespeare's "As You Like It." These pastoral romances are not only false to

⁴It is not believed that Chaucer, so near akin to and greater than Boccaccio in his genius, ever saw a copy of the "Decameron" *novelle*, for he would certainly have used some of them had he known them. We know that he was acquainted with and worked over the material in Boccaccio's two chief narrative poems.—EDITOR.

the point of absurdity in their sentiment and their picture of life, but they are poor as narratives. The thread of the story is not clear; it is interrupted and obscured by endless unexpected and exasperating episodes, so that before the reader gets through the book he is in grievous doubt as to which set of characters should claim the chief interest, so full is the stage of characters who have been dragged on to play their part in some episode and then left to cumber the course of the story. Of all literary types the pastoral, with its insipid idealized shepherds and peasants and its affected manners, discourse, and passion, is the most artificial, and therefore the most restricted in its popularity. In England its popularity lasted, with intermissions, about a century, and never quite eclipsed that of the Italian novel or the newly imported Spanish rogue story. As fiction, the one noteworthy point in connection with the pastoral romances is their recognition of the value of love and its kindred emotions for the central motive of the story. It is a very fantastic, moonstruck sort of love that animates the Dresden china shepherds and shepherdesses in Arcadia; but it passes for the real thing in the rarefied society to which these porcelain personages are accustomed.

What the romance of knighthood was to the upper classes the Spanish rogue story was, in a way, to the less cultured. We do not mean that the *picaresque* novel, as it is called, appealed solely to the lower classes; but its hero, instead of being a knight of high degree, was a professional rogue, who in his career encountered in ordinary life adventures more surprising, more multifarious, and yet more credible than those of the most popular romance. This *picaro*, or rogue, first came to life in Spain in the middle of the sixteenth century;⁵ before the end of the century he had made his way to England, and had found English imitators, and thus started that long line, broken here and there, of realistic fiction.

The earliest rogue stories are not, of course, what we should call distinctively novels; but they are much closer to novels than anything preceding, except perhaps the very best of the "Decameron" tales. Where the rogue story fails is in unity

⁵ Chandler, pp. 185, fol.; Cross, p. 9.

of plot. Frequently the only visible connection between the successive adventures is the character of the rogue himself. He is engaged in a long series of adventures, amorous, warlike, or thievish, and may take himself and the reader off to Italy, France, or even Mexico. He may be married and unmarried several times in the course of the story. And as the story is not constructed to lead up to any definite conclusion, there is no logical end. The story ends when the story-teller thinks it is long enough: we leave the rogue as we found him, neither definitely reformed and happy, nor utterly ruined; he may live to go through another series of fictitious adventures; and the writer not infrequently promises that another story will follow in case this one is successful. Nothing but the death of the rogue can put an end, a final end, to his artistic existence, and even then, as we have seen in some more recent fiction, he may come to life again. The whole scheme reminds us of the famous musketeers and their progeny unto the third and fourth generation.

This type of story was popular in England, and one of the greatest masters of fiction has given us examples of the best that can be done. I refer, of course, to Defoe's "Moll Flanders," "Colonel Jack," etc. And these are the best of the rogue stories because they succeed best in creating a distinct personality. The interest in adventure we have noted as primitive and universal; but this interest alone had long ago palled upon the public; giants, goblins, dragons, castles of enchantment failed any longer to surprise, and hence failed to interest. What charmed in "Moll Flanders" was not the adventures, for most of them are in reality commonplace enough, but the character of Moll, the reality of her personality, and the consequent feeling that she was a real human being living a real life in the very heart of wicked London. This was the contribution of the rogue story to the progress of fiction, the creation not only of realism in the picture of life but also of human personality. Having got a real character at last to deal with, the next thing was to subject this character to the play of various human emotions, to show how he would behave in prosperity, in adversity, in grief, in danger, under the stress of love, jeal-

ousy, or worldly ambition. And the first really great attempt in this line was to come, if I mistake not, from Defoe himself. Where is there a more real study in character, simple though it be, than in "Robinson Crusoe?"⁶ The story itself seems so natural and so fascinatingly real that most of us read without noting that Robinson himself is a delightful person, and that, without any of that straining after effect to which we are used in modern novels that rely upon much stronger emotional situations for the development of character, without any lyric or heroic appeals, Defoe has made the character of Robinson grow before our very eyes.

But is "Robinson Crusoe" a novel? Is "Moll Flanders" a novel? Is Stevenson's "Treasure Island," in our own day? We have seen that the term novel was at first in England, as at present in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, restricted to the short story developing a plot whose scene was laid in ordinary life, but as little complicated and presenting as few characters as possible. Its theme was usually a simple incident, or a dramatic moment in life, and it confined itself to the presentation of this incident stripped of all details that might retard the movement of the story to its climax and dramatic culmination. That is what they call a *nouvelle* in France to-day; that is what Englishmen up to the close of the eighteenth century called a novel; that, with certain modifications, is what we call a short story to-day.

When the great outburst of fiction came, from 1740 to 1830, authors and critics alike were at a loss how to classify or what to call the new works. They were, to use a standard modern definition,⁷ "fictitious prose narratives, involving a plot whose central thread was usually a love story, and aiming to present a picture of real life in the historical period and society to which the persons, manners, and modes of speech, as well as the scenery and surroundings, were supposed to belong." But what should they be called? The former meaning of the term novel had become obscured, as the short story itself had practically gone out of existence. The old term romance hardly

⁶ Tuckerman, p. 186.

⁷ Century Dictionary.

suited, since it had become associated with the extravagances and absurdities of the tales of chivalry. Both tale and story seemed too general. And so novel seemed the most fitting name for the new fiction. But the notion that a love story of society past or present was an essential characteristic of the novel long possessed the critics. Defoe had not called his stories novels, and so even down to our own day there is a hesitation about calling stories like "Robinson Crusoe" novels. All of the recent books, however, are bold enough to call them novels, tacking on a descriptive epithet or phrase, such as naturalistic or realistic novel, or novel of incident. I should prefer to call "Robinson Crusoe" a novel of incident, and also Smollett's "Roderick Random," and "Peregrine Pickle," and Charles Lever's Irish stories and Marryat's sea stories and Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and "The Wrecker"—meaning by novel of incident that the chief interest is directed upon the incidents, upon the narrative, rather than upon the characters and their emotions.

It was a full generation after Defoe's great work before a different type of fiction was evolved, that type which, in its various ramifications and modifications, has ever since remained the most popular and widespread. This new type of fiction came to life with the story of "Pamela," by Samuel Richardson, in 1740, and was continued and improved by him in "Clarissa Harlowe," and by Fielding in "Tom Jones" and "Amelia." It is noteworthy that neither Richardson nor Fielding entitled their works novels; it is the "History of Tom Jones" and the "History of Clarissa." But they refer to them as novels, and when the analysis of the novel came the critics seized upon these works as the first modern novels. Hence Richardson has come to be known as the father of the English novel, a title which he deserves, as we have seen, only in a limited sense.

Richardson and Fielding are as distinct as two men can well be, and no one would think of confusing the style, the methods, or the plots of the one with the other. And yet their works are of the same class in fiction, novels of manners. Richardson is almost alone among novelists in his consistent adherence to the

method of telling his story entirely by means of letters from the various characters, a device used but once and then not consistently by Fielding. "Tom Jones" is noted for its very elaborate and carefully constructed plot, in which the end is prepared for from the beginning, but not foreseen until just before the final *dénouement*. Both Fielding and Richardson give pictures of contemporary English life, with no essential difference as to the class of the personages. Both rely upon the general interest of this picture, but also upon the interest aroused by depicting the play of emotion in the characters. Fielding's work is much broader in its scope than Richardson's, and much more human and catholic in its sympathy with life. Richardson appeals especially to the feelings, the sensibilities, as they were called in his day. He prefers to arouse our sympathy for one character,* say Pamela, and then to subject this character to emotional torture, to plague and torment her in the most exquisite fashion before our eyes, to analyze and lay bare for our inspection all the minute workings of her heart in grief and under moral temptation. His works present an intensive study of feminine nature as he knew it. And in his narrow field he succeeds, if one has the patience to read his prolix stories, better than almost any novelist. But his view of life was a narrow one, that of the prosperous and self-righteous English tradesman; and the kind of femininity he knew was a rather artificial and limited species, one that has long since passed away. Of men, real men, with the lights and shadows of their make-up, he knew very little, as was shown when he tried to create a good man, and gave us Grandison, "the faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw."

Fielding, on the other hand, is content with much broader motives for his personages; his people are more like men because they have more sides to their characters, are moved by more complex and more natural passions. His studies of the human heart are as accurate, and his portrayal of men acting under the influence of ordinary passions is more vivid and more convincing; he does not attempt the minute detail of

* Raleigh, pp. 150, fol.; Cross, pp. 31, fol.

Richardson. Above all, his fine sense of humor, a quality totally absent in Richardson, and his generous sympathy with, and knowledge of, the average man, saved him from indulging in false sentiment and in appeals to the sensibilities of his reader, to which Richardson was somewhat prone. Richardson's moral, divested of all trimmings, was, Be virtuous, and you will be rewarded. It was a very practical sort of morality, the kind that pays; but it was not morality of a very high and fine type. For he concerns himself rather with conduct⁹ than with the abstract principles of morality; under his teaching one was to be good for the sake of the reward, to be good because it was most prudent and had been shown to be most expedient in this naughty world. Fielding had no patience with this narrow, utilitarian view of morals and conduct; and he mercilessly and convincingly shows to what such Phariseism would lead, in the persons of Square and Thwackum, who are as arrant knaves as Burns's Holy Willie. Fielding eschews the deliberate moral precept; his experience of men as well as his artistic sense led him to distrust it. With him there is no special prize for conformity to public standards of conduct; charity, an honest loving heart, is worth more than all the rigid observance in the world; and the reward of virtue is in the peace of mind, the consciousness of right-doing which spring from the deed itself.

Whatever their individual differences, however, both Richardson and Fielding had, as Mr. Cross says,¹⁰ rediscovered something which had been lost sight of almost since the days of the Elizabethan drama—viz., the human heart. Their narratives appeal to our sympathies directly by presenting real human beings subjected to trials such as we are personally familiar with. It is the rebirth of the individual¹¹ in literature that we must note in these novelists. And they felt themselves to be innovators; they felt that they were trying to introduce and to establish laws for a new literary form. Richardson, being less thoroughly trained, does not definitely express his views of the methods and limitations of his art, though there

⁹ Cross, p. 49.

¹⁰ Cross, p. 41.

¹¹ Cf. Stoddard, p. 46.

are numerous allusions to his particular methods and aims in the voluminous correspondence which he carried on with his female admirers. But Fielding is no mean critic of the art which he practices. At first inclined to regard his work as a sort of comic epic, and therefore subject in some sort to Aristotelian laws, he later shows more and more clearly that he is relying upon the laws of the drama for the development and construction of his story. He never quite sees that the novel is essentially dramatic, that it is related to the drama as the romance is related to the epic; but he establishes most of the fundamental principles to which regard must be had in building a novel. There is no more interesting part of "*Tom Jones*" than those interchapters in which the author calmly draws you by the sleeve to come with him and examine into the critical phenomena of the story he is telling, how it is an advantage to keep the reader in doubt as to the outcome, how difficult it is to convince the critics that the law of unity of time, in the sense that all the events of the plot must take place within a natural day, does not even suit the drama, and is totally inapplicable to the novel.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for quoting here a few sentences to show the nature of these admirable asides. For example, in Chapter I. of Book II., entitled, "Showing what kind of a history this is, what it is like; and what it is not like," we find:

Though we have properly enough entitled this work a history, and not a life, . . . yet we intend in it rather to pursue the method of those writers who profess to disclose the revolutions of countries than to imitate the painful and voluminous historian who, to preserve the regularity of his series, thinks himself obliged to fill up as much paper with the detail of months and years in which nothing remarkable happened as he employs upon those notable areas when the greatest scenes have been transacted on the human stage. . . . When any extraordinary scene presents itself, . . . we shall spare no pains and paper to open it at large to our reader; but if whole years should pass without producing anything worthy his notice, we shall not be afraid of a chasm in our history, but shall hasten on to matters of consequence, and leave such periods of time totally unobserved.

I think it may very reasonably be required of every writer that he keeps within the bounds of possibility, and still remembers that what it is not possible for man to perform it is scarce possible for man to believe he did perform. . . . Man . . . is the highest subject . . . which presents itself to the pen of our historian, or of our poet, and in relating his actions great care is to be taken that we do not exceed the capacity of the

agent we describe. Nor is possibility alone sufficient to justify us: we must keep likewise within the rules of probability. . . . The only supernatural agents which can in any manner be allowed to us moderns are ghosts, but of these I would advise an author to be extremely sparing. These are, indeed, like arsenic and other dangerous drugs in physic, to be used with the utmost caution. (Book VIII., Chap. I.)

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto given my historian avail him, unless he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. The author who will make me weep, says Horace, must first weep himself. In reality, no man can paint a distress well which he doth not feel while he is painting it. . . . In the same manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily but where I have laughed before him; unless it should happen at any time that, instead of laughing with me, he should be inclined to laugh at me. (Book IX., Chap. I.)

Fielding, despite his earnest self-criticism, has serious faults as a novelist, faults which it is not our business to point out. But the precepts and the examples given by him and by Richardson soon led, as he had predicted, to a "swarm of foolish novels and monstrous romances . . . either to the great impoverishment of booksellers or to the great loss of time and depravation of morals in the reader." The new fiction was enormously popular, and within half a dozen years after the publication of "Tom Jones" (1749) the practice of novel-reading must have been sufficiently common and sufficiently condemned as mental dissipation to give point to the famous scene in "The Rivals," where Miss Lydia Languish is surreptitiously feeding her sentimental passion on fiction. Though the sentimental tone became less dominant in Richardson's successors, the central theme of the novel of manners has always been a love story, and the chief characteristics of the art as exercised by him and by Fielding are the same in the novels of our own day. There have been many changes and modifications, of course, but I think these will be found to be in the main due merely to the progressive changes in public taste, fashions, and the like, not such as would indicate a radical departure from traditions.

One striking new thing was added to fiction of the Richardson-Fielding school within a generation; this was the description of scenes in the story. Even in Richardson there is some

of this, and we hear of foreign admirers¹² of his who spent much time in trying to identify the localities mentioned in "Clarissa." The description is slightly more marked in "Tom Jones," whose career we can follow geographically with something like accuracy. But in the successors of these two it will be found that there is a gradually increasing use of description as a means of sustaining interest; the novelist learns to appreciate the full value of placing his imaginary characters in a specially adapted setting, learns to know that, having a local habitation as well as a name, they will seem even more real to his reader.

Whom should we class among those who have achieved fame through the novel of manners, the society novel? We should name first Miss Burney, who, in "Evelina," gives the first really vivid picture of London society. Then there is Miss Edgeworth, who first successfully employs that special description and portrayal of a distinct local type of society, manners, customs, and ways of speech, which has since given us so many novels of what we call local color, dialect stories, and the like. Her Irishmen are real living people, and different by reason of their local peculiarities from any type yet known to fiction. She takes us to Ireland, and puts the splendid tale of the fortunes of Castle Rackrent in the mouth of Old Thady Quirk, one of the best special characters to be found in fiction, and one who, to show the continuity of traditions in fiction, may be compared to the old steward to whom Stevenson commits the recital of the fortunes of his Master of Ballantrae. And so Miss Edgeworth and her followers, describing local customs, have given us the Scotchman on his native heath, the provincial Englishman, the American backwoodsman, the negro, the Indian, and the Hindoo.

After Miss Edgeworth we must name another woman, Jane Austen, whose quiet, half-satirical pictures of village and country society in her own day have no equals.¹³ She chooses the most ordinary people for her characters, and she places them in the environment in which she knew them, at balls in the vil-

¹² Cross, p. 46.

¹³ Stoddard, p. 52; Cross, p. 117; Howells, *passim*.

lage, at dinner parties, at fashionable watering places, where nothing extraordinary happens. We learn to know the people and their ways by their talk; we learn the story by the same means; there is much talk, as is usual in the lives of most of us, and few incidents of a startling or memorable nature; there is little set description of either persons or places; but we learn much of both from conversations, as we would in real life. It is the most exquisite art, the true realism applied to the novel of manners, the sort of thing which Mr. Howells has been trying to do in our time.

The three graces, Fanny Burney, Maria Edgeworth, and Jane Austen, appropriately enough lead the way in the progress of the novel of manners. And after them we might name a veritable host of men who have pictured contemporary society with more or less verisimilitude, the Bulwers and Trollopes and Disraelis. But one name in the great list can detain us a moment, that of Thackeray, who acknowledges himself a disciple of Fielding, and indulges freely, after his own fashion, in Fielding's habit of holding colloquy with the reader while his story pauses. Discarding the somewhat narrower scheme of Jane Austen and the rest, who, as we have said, confined themselves in one way or another to limited fields, he essays to picture *Vanity Fair* on a large canvas, full of many and varied types of men and women. It was a huge undertaking, and necessitated wider knowledge, wider sympathy, and greater constructive skill than had yet been seen in fiction. We shall not presume to estimate Thackeray's success, but content ourselves with pointing out that modern tendencies have taken us away from the novel as Thackeray conceived it. Not one of the recent novels of manners has ventured on so large a field; there is enough matter and enough characters and enough rich thought and knowledge of humanity in one of Thackeray's great novels to furnish forth two or three of the present day.

Of the numerous progeny of the novel of manners we may mention first the novel of purpose. Richardson himself had been a conscious moralist, preaching at his reader in a way to appeal so well to the average man that "*Pamela*" was commended as a moral story from the very pulpit. The vogue of

the novel was soon seized upon by those who had, or thought they had, some new lesson to convey to the public. And before the end of the century we have, in France, Rousseau's "Emile," with its theories of the education of children, and in England William Godwin's "Caleb Williams," with its socialism, its revolutionary theories, its picture of the wrongs inflicted on an innocent hero by existing social laws and customs.

From Godwin it is no far cry to Dickens, with his pictures of the debtor's prison in "Pickwick," in "Little Dorrit," and of the workhouses in "Oliver Twist," and of Yorkshire schoolmasters in "Nicholas Nickleby." Dickens, be it understood, is no mere reformer in fiction; his novels are valuable quite without regard to the special purpose in each. Like Thackeray, he works on a huge canvas—there are more than two hundred characters in "Pickwick"—and possesses unexcelled powers in the way of vivid portrayal of character and rough but telling personal description. But he was so imbued with the idea of advocating some special reform, of criticising some special weakness in the world out of joint, that he even, as in "Little Dorrit," attacks a prison system¹⁴ already obsolete and reformed, and hammers away at the Circumlocution Office—where the chief art is how *not* to do things—till the reader is either quite tired of it, or his mental vision and sense of justice thrown all out of perspective; in either case he is left in no sort of doubt that Dickens means that there is something wrong somewhere, and that it should be set right.

Though often in method following on the lines of the rogue story as handled by Smollett, it is as an author of purpose novels that Dickens concerns us. In his wake follows one, and perhaps but one great successor, Charles Reade, attacking the administration of insane asylums and convict laws. Half a score of other names, more or less familiar, will suggest themselves, including the one novel which attacked and helped to upset a great social system, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But the distinct reformatory purpose is extremely difficult to handle interestingly in fiction. It was already overworked in Dickens's

¹⁴Cross, p. 184.

day; it tended to degenerate into mere social satire, and to fail to appeal to readers who wished to be entertained rather than to be enlisted in the great army of reformers with panaceas for social and political ills.

The distinct purpose novel has passed or is passing away; it has been replaced by a new and kindred type, the problem novel. This is the novel in which some social theory or social problem is taken as the central theme and developed to its logical conclusions, and made real by application to individuals who act under the stress of special motives and emotions. Its defect, an obvious one, is that the story usually presents persons whom the novelist creates especially for the purpose of his story, and who are as much under the domination of a peculiar set of mental and moral rules for thinking and acting as were the obsolete lay figures in the drama of humors as conceived by Ben Jonson and his like. They are only in part like the rest of humanity, and too often strike the commonplace man of the world as ludicrous; he knows they are "cranks," and can feel but an artificial enthusiasm for them. In this class of fiction we have had novels on the question of divorce, on the infelicities of existing customs of marriage and the superiority of a free relation of the sexes, on religious problems, on the relations between a devout Catholic and a freethinker in the state of marriage, on the relations of capital and labor, on the open question as to the possible justification for suicide, and so on, almost without end. One hardly need name Mrs. Humphry Ward, Thomas Hardy, Hall Caine, Grant Allen, as conspicuous writers of problem novels.

Almost alone in her class stands George Eliot as the greatest writer of that special type of the novel of manners which concerns itself chiefly with the philosophical study of human character. In her novels, as in those of George Meredith, the interest is centered on the development of one or more characters rather than on the incidents or the mere *dénouement* of the love story. Indeed, the plot is so conceived and the incidents so chosen as to allow of the growth of character. Perhaps we can best understand this by referring to that magnificent study of a pleasant, gifted, but morally weak, character under strong

and perfectly natural temptations of self-interest, the Tito Melema of "*Romola*." Our prepossession is in favor of him at the outset; we learn to loathe him ere the end; and his progress to moral ruin, through yielding to purely human and selfish temptations, is one of the masterpieces in the study of human character. George Eliot allows her characters to develop themselves; she does not analyze and comment on them for the reader, but lets their actions and their own speech show the progressive growth to good or evil, to greater or smaller.

We have but one more noted type in the class of long fictions to comment on. Fielding's ridicule of supernatural agents in modern fiction did not exorcise the ghosts and spirits; for the love of the mysterious is innate. Horace Walpole's Gothic romance of the "*Castle of Otranto*" (1764) was the first notable effort to revive the interest in the Middle Ages, or rather to create a new type of fiction whose interest should be romantic rather than human. It was fitting that the old name of romance, with all of its associations, should be applied to this new fiction. The modern romance, however, has learned many things from the novel. To begin with, it has learned much of the art of construction; every romance, however fantastic, has some sort of plot, involving the fortunes of the characters. And these characters, however extraordinary be the environment in which they are placed and the adventures through which they pass, are more or less like men and women.

But what is the difference between the romance and the novel? To any one who has ever attempted a satisfactory classification of the body of fiction with which he is familiar I need not say that it is quite impossible to draw an absolute line, and to say, On this side lies the novel, on that the romance; for the two types are often so blended as to be indistinguishable. The best definition I have seen is the following from Mr. Cross:¹⁵ "That prose fiction which deals with life in a false or fantastic manner, or represents it in the setting of strange, improbable, or impossible adventures, or idealizes the vices or virtues of human nature, is called romance." It will be noted

¹⁵ Cross, p. xv.

that the romance, however fantastic, "deals with life;" the human interest, even the interest of character, is not totally absent from the romance.

A special outburst of grewsome tales followed the "Castle of Otranto," and down to our own time they have continued to appear. Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho," Lewis's "Monk," Mrs. Shelley's terrible "Frankenstein," the fantastic visit to the land of the flying people by Peter Wilkins of nursery memory, the "Coming Race," "Zanoni," and "Eugene Aram" of Bulwer, Jules Verne's quasi-scientific tales—all these may be mentioned as examples of different varieties of the romance. And how different they are can be appreciated by any reader; we cannot specify the differences because the imagination knows no laws, and any fine analysis would be no sooner accomplished than a new vagary would have to be accounted for. All we can say is that in the romance the interest is centered on the events rather than on the characters; and that the romances rely upon surprise and novelty in the plot, and upon the love of mystery, of the unknown and unknowable which man is ever striving to grasp.

But another type of romance, which more than any other shades off into the novel, must not be forgotten. How shall we classify Sir Walter Scott and his comrades, who take us into history and tell us tales that are all but novels? Was not Sir Walter called the Wizard? Wizards deal in enchantment, and so does he, to a certain extent. Most of his characters are eminently human, and move in an historical setting which is as true as, and far more vivid than, most history. But Sir Walter rarely forgets to use the hidden panel in the wall, the dark Gothic or Norman castle, full of mysterious terrors which we half credit even now; the ghost, even, and the mad Highland seer, and the gypsy witch, are there to interfere in the ordinary course of human events. It is life that he represents, but I venture to say life on a plane manifestly and deliberately above what we know in ordinary life. The facts of the story may be or seem credible, but the treatment is romantic. Therefore I should call him a writer of historical romances rather than of historical novels, though in some of his tales, notably "Waver-

ley" itself, it is rather the tone and method than the actual facts of the story that give the romantic coloring.

And after Scott had worked out his noble life there came others who undertook to provide the world with romances, a G. P. R. James, with dense forests and lone horsemen, a Cooper, with idealized Indians and backwoodsmen, and so on, till the public taste wearied of outworn devices and demanded less romance and more novel. Then came what is by courtesy called the historical novel, with its unadorned and historically accurate reproduction of the society of the past. But this too is generally romantic in tone, in that it appeals to the love of adventure rather than to other motives of interest.

The novel has come to mean a type of fiction rather definite to most of us. It certainly no longer means a short story, as it did originally; we can all distinguish the novel from the short story, if only by its length. And so when, about the middle of the nineteenth century, the short story found men who could handle it, we had no distinctive name to give to it. The modern short story has no direct connection with the historical predecessors in fiction to which we have alluded. The mediæval *lai* and *fabliau* and the English imitations of Boccaccio became thoroughly extinct in English literature, surviving, where they survived at all, like the ballad, in cheap and barren tales for the people who don't read what we call literature. But the art of writing such stories could not be utterly lost; for the long training in producing fiction had taught men what was necessary to tell a good story well. The short story as we know it, the modern *nouvelle* of France, is really a new outgrowth from the longer stories called novels and romances, not a direct descendant from the earlier tales of the Italian novelists of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is, therefore, a higher type of fiction than the novel, and requires greater artistic skill in the handling.

The attempt to discriminate between the short story and the novel is beset with serious difficulties. Shall mere length be the criterion? Surely no one will insist upon a standard so purely mechanical.¹⁸ If we do, how long must a short story be

¹⁸ Cross, p. 268; Perry, pp. 300, fol.

before it becomes a novel? There are works which we class as novels which contain no more pages, no more words, than do others which we class as short stories. Mere length can only be a crude and primary test. The difference lies in the greater compactness of the short story as compared with the novel, in the narrowness of the field and the smaller number of characters involved, in the absence of distracting episodes or complications that might retard the movement of the story to its culmination. In addition, we may remark that the short story contents itself with producing one strong effect, to which everything in the story should conduce, whereas the novel may aim at several effects in addition to the one which is the primary purpose of the story.

The short story is harder to write with any degree of success than the novel; but, from its mere shortness, is much easier to write in a way that will assure the merely temporary popularity for which most such stories bid. It is harder to write because it must be an artistic whole, with no loose ends, and because the writer has to produce his effects with the minimum of waste space. He must present sufficient descriptive matter to give his story a background, but he must do this quickly. He must give us at once and without prolixity a clear understanding of the status of affairs at the opening of the action he is to present. And he must suggest character rather than pause deliberately to analyze and describe. Condensation is the most difficult part of literary art; not what to say, but what can with propriety and advantage be left unsaid is, as all the rhetorics tell us, the difficult question. This is especially the case in the short story, and therefore marked success is harder to achieve in the short story than in the novel. A very practical proof of this is found, I think, in the fact that, though the modern short story is more than a century old, the really successful short stories, those which the world places among the classics, can be counted on the fingers of one hand; and but one writer, Poe, has won fame solely by means of his short stories.

The subject-matter of the stories is as varied as that of the novel and the romance; there are some which are on the type of the novel, and some on the type of the romance; and some are

quasi-historical—witness “Monsieur Beaucaire”—while others are stories with definite moral purpose—like “The Man without a Country” and the “Story of the Other Wise Man.” For this reason much of what we have said regarding the types of recent fiction in the novel and romance will apply equally as well to the short story.

In this review of the course of fiction we have omitted to account for the development of new types. We have seen that the history of fiction is a continuous history, the verse romance giving way to the prose romance of chivalry, this taking to itself the new elements of distinct personality for the chief characters and a love story as a central thread to unite the events of the story; then came the rogue story, with an increase of definiteness and of realism in the description of persons and places; then the related novel of incident; finally the novel of manners, with its many subdivisions. There has been a continuous advance in the gentle art of lying like the truth, though it is but rarely that we can positively father one of the new types upon the old. We may fairly say that the group of writers in the middle of the nineteenth century have carried that art as far as it has gone up to our own day. But why the frequent changes of type in fiction? Why do we no longer listen entranced to the singer who, to the sound of his harp, told in recitative the marvelous adventures of a knightly hero? The reason for the progress is to be sought, I should say, by reverting to our original proposition, that the aim of fiction is to amuse. When public taste changed, when marked advances in knowledge, in general culture, in social life, occurred the public found the outworn devices of the existing fiction no longer entertaining. Then some writer wise and skillful enough to take advantage of the reaction in popular feeling came to the front with something new, something either almost entirely an outgrowth of preceding types of fiction, as in the case of the novel of problem developing from the novel of purpose, or something so wholly different from preceding fiction as to make one doubt whether or not there is any connection, as in the case of the novel of manners coming to life as if it were a new creation, and for a time counting itself a new creation, independent en-

tirely of romance and rogue story. We cannot determine that Richardson wrote "Pamela" because he was tired of the romances, or that he knew how to tell it merely because he had studied the art of fiction as practiced by his predecessors. But we do say that without the romance there could have been no "Pamela," and that the general advance in fiction was necessary to prepare not only Richardson but his public for the production and appreciation of "Pamela."

In conclusion we may be allowed a few remarks on the present condition, the prospects and tendencies of fiction. Hardly any one who will try to recall a novel of, say, a decade ago, then heralded as a great work, can fail to realize that, for some reason or other, the plot of the work does not linger in his mind, its famous dramatic passages no longer thrill when read over—nay, at a guess, he may not be able to remember distinctly even one among the scores of titles. Why is this? Are the novels weaker, or is public taste more fickle?

The present tendency encourages a spirit of commercialism in fiction; the large sales and enormous profits are demoralizing to novelists. They are too apt to advertise just as much as the publisher does, though more covertly; they are tempted to write with vehemence on a theme which is sure of immediate interest; and when the temporary interest is gone, the temporary novel is gone with it. It is not that novels are written in greater haste now than formerly; no one who knows how Thackeray and Dickens, and Scott before them, wrote with the printer's devil sitting on the stairs and clamoring for copy can seriously claim that the modern writer composes in more haste than they did. But there are many people writing novels who have not only too little literary training but too little actual knowledge of men, of the great human heart which it is given to but few to fathom.

This is one reason why there are so many novels produced that may amuse us temporarily, but fail to move us deeply, and to take deep root among our cherished memories. Another reason is worth mentioning, as one kindred to this first—namely, that, say what we will, there is too little of the nobly ideal and uplifting in the point of view of most modern fiction. A

sort of cynical doubt of human kind, of all things ideal, is one of the notes of this commercial age as it was of the supercritical age that came just before the great Romantic movement of the eighteenth century. And yet man craves idealism; the love of the romantic is not dead, but lies fallow. How quick is its response when any writer rises above the deadening influence of modernity and boldly appeals to the romantic, as did Stevenson in part, and many of the small fry since this last great romantic genius passed away! No matter how poor and weak the tale, the public reads it eagerly.

And still another cause for the low grade of much modern fiction and its slender hold upon our true sympathies is to be sought in the excessive specialization in themes which we have noted. Not one of the modern novels has really a large grasp of life. It is not life that they present, but what Mrs. So-and-So or Miss So-and-So or very young Mr. So-and-So thinks might, could, would, or should be life, if every one took the special moral nostrum he or she has to offer. We may find reading about the nostrum very interesting for a time; but once read, the book is cast aside, because we have found and absorbed or rejected its pitiful little message of truth, find it not very useful or fruitful in our own lives, and are already distracted by hearing our friends and acquaintances puffing some new preparation of fiction and special problems. Indeed, this constant flood of books with enormous sales and little merit is confusing to the reader. There are good books among them, but the average reader is governed in his choice of reading matter by chance and hearsay. Now with the enormous popularization of the reading of fiction, due to cheap editions and to popular libraries, the book most carefully and judiciously advertised by the publisher will often register a higher percentage of sales, get itself far more talked about, than a book of greater intrinsic merit. Consequently, we read what is most bepraised, and are oftentimes disappointed to find that it was not so good after all.

But Arthur is not dead, he merely slumbers in Avalon till the great awakening. And there are just as great possibilities for a return of great fiction now as when the Scotts and Thackerays and Eliots in turn found new ways of handling the perennially fresh and interesting problems of man's relation to man in the infinitely various conditions of life, past or present.

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THE NOVEL IN AMERICA.¹

THREE hundred years ago Shakespeare declared that the function of the drama was "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." Admirable as this definition was for the Elizabethan drama, for the modern drama its demands are a trifle too strenuous; but as a definition of the modern novel, not one word will have to be changed. Though the youngest of literary forms, the novel has already distanced all competitors and become the popular vehicle of history, philosophy, speculation, political protest, social reform, and even of religion itself. It has not only usurped the place once held by the drama, but it speaks to an audience beside which the Elizabethan audience seems wizened and insignificant.

The career of the novel has not been unmarked by obstacles, chief among which may be noted the deep-rooted prejudice which once marked the attitude of the teacher and preacher to novels and novel-reading. This prejudice was partly an inheritance from the times when novels were nothing more than sentimental romances, and therefore not worth reading; but it was due also to the belief that fiction is false, and therefore injurious. The word "false," however, conceals a fallacy. The novel—I speak only of the great novel—is false to the letter that it may be true to the spirit. The novel is the modern parable, and the best defense of the novel is found in those words spoken of the Master himself: "Without a parable spake he not unto them."

Another charge brought against the novel is that it trains the emotional side of our nature and leaves the practical side undeveloped; that it divorces feeling from doing. Tennyson, you remember, says of Katie Willows:

¹A lecture delivered in the Teacher's Institute Course before the Central High School of Washington, D. C., November 25, 1902. A few copies were privately printed.

Less of sentiment than sense
Had Katie; not illiterate; nor of those
Who, dabbling in the front of fictive tears
And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,
Divorce the Feeling from her mate, the Deed.

In other words, Katie had not lost the fine instinctive beneficence of girlhood by crying over novels. But does not this objection lie equally against all forms of art? Does not every picture, every statue, every piece of music, every great poem, cultivate primarily the æsthetic and emotional side of our nature? This, then, is not an objection against the novel in particular; nor is it a valid objection against art at all. It is merely a reminder that character is dual, and that true culture must show itself not merely in the detached life of reading and speculation, but in vital alliance with the institutions of society.

When we consider that Americans constitute to-day "the main branch of the English people" (to use J. R. Green's own words), outnumbering the English by about thirty millions, the Germans by about ten millions, and the French by about forty millions, it is a little surprising that the history of the novel in America has not yet been written. There are admirable histories of the English novel, of the German novel, and of the French novel, but none of the American novel. I shall try, therefore, to sketch in brief outline what seem to me the five distinctive stages in the development of the novel in America. Let us call it a drama in five acts.

I.

It has been customary to trace the origin of American fiction back to Charles Brockden Brown, of Philadelphia. In 1798 he wrote his first novel, "Wieland; or, The Transformation." But while Brown was our first professional man of letters, he cannot be called the founder of American fiction. A study of his life and work will show that, though he had a certain vogue in England, he did not permanently affect in any way the course of American fiction. His death, in 1810, occurred just a few years before Scott had freed the romance from affected sentiment and melodramatic diction.

A man who says that the channel of a river "was encumbered with asperities" was fitted, it would seem, to contribute something at least to American humor; but of humor, save perhaps unconscious humor, Brown had none. He represents, therefore, merely an already waning type of romance, a type that has never given to fiction a single permanent character.

The first character that strolls into American fiction, the first and almost the last to make a permanent place for himself at every American fireside, is the adorable Rip Van Winkle. The position of Washington Irving in the evolution of American fiction is strikingly analogous to the position of Addison in the evolution of English fiction. Neither Addison nor Irving was a novelist, yet both made of the essay a stepping-stone to the novel proper. Richardson wrote the first English novel, "Pamela," in 1742; but Addison's "Sir Roger de Coverley," written about thirty years before "Pamela," had proved that the essay could almost do the work of the novel. Irving's "Sketch Book" appeared in 1820. It was merely a collection of essays in the Queen Anne sense. Irving said, with characteristic modesty, that he had aimed only at "the familiar and faithful exhibition of scenes of common life." In these words and in the stories of "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Irving has anticipated both the theory and the practice of the new school of writers, the mild-eyed realists, that arose fifty years later. Had Rip deferred his waking until after 1870, he would have found himself, as we shall see later, in most congenial company, for he was the progenitor of those numberless characters of local type and local flavor that succeeded the ghostly children of Hawthorne. Rip was not a national type; he was the product of a particular locality. The time was ripe, however, for a more national and representative creation.

II.

Three years after the publication of the "Sketch Book" James Fenimore Cooper inaugurated the second stage in American fiction by the publication of "The Pioneers." It has become customary among latter-day critics to make

merry over Cooper. His "females" do talk Johnsonese occasionally, and serve chiefly as "fainting appendages" to his fighting scenes. Some of his Indians, it must be admitted, suggest the Arthurian knights. But in the special studies of Miss Alice Fletcher and Horatio Hale, Cooper's Indian reappears and becomes more romantic and Arthurian than even Cooper had dared to portray him.

When we say that Cooper inaugurated three kinds of fiction—the novel of the sea, the novel of the American Revolution, and the Indian novel—we omit his chief contribution to American fiction. Irving had been successful in portraying at least one local type of character; Cooper undertook the more national type of the early pioneer. And his success cannot be better indicated than by reminding you that in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain the sales of Cooper's works equal the sales of Walter Scott's. "No author of fiction in the English language," says Cooper's latest critic,² "except Scott, has held his own so well for half a century after his death."

In the career of Natty Bumppo, or Leatherstocking, through five novels, Cooper has dramatized the westward movement of American civilization. He called his Leatherstocking stories "a drama in five acts." These five acts are, in the order of their history, "The Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie." They subtend a space of about sixty-five years of American history, and conduct their hero to a period just after the Louisiana Purchase of 1803.

"This outward expansion of population over a vast area of free land," says Prof. C. J. Bullock,³ "has been the fundamental fact in the economic history of the country. . . . The decade from 1880 to 1890 saw almost the complete disappearance of an 'American frontier.'" With the disappearance of the American frontier, there disappeared, of course, the American pioneer; but in the character of Natty

²See Thomas Wentworth Higginson's sketch in Carpenter's "American Prose," p. 148.

³See his "Introduction to the Study of Economics."

Bumpo, the evanished type will live as long as our literature endures. "Leatherstocking, Uncas, Hardheart, Tom Coffin are quite the equal of Scott's men," says Thackeray;⁴ "perhaps Leatherstocking is better than any one in 'Scott's lot.' La Longue Carabine is one of the great prize men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff—heroic figures, all, American or British—and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them."

III.

Cooper did for our early history a service comparable at least to that which Scott did for early Scotch history. There is little of the art element and no philosophic meditateness in either Scott or Cooper. Cooper's style lacks distinction, as his plots lack condensation; but he lived long enough to witness the emergence and the passing of an unheralded genius who introduced into American fiction just those qualities in which his own work was signally deficient. In 1840 Edgar Allan Poe, who inaugurated the third period in American fiction, published his "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque."

Prof. Brander Matthews⁵ asserts that in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" (1841) Poe created "the first detective story ever written." This can hardly be maintained. Godwin's "Caleb Williams" (1794) and Charles Brockden Brown's "Edgar Huntley" (1801) are detective stories, and they were written nearly a half century before Poe's story appeared. Poe did give distinction and separateness to the detective story as an art form, but this is by no means his greatest contribution to American fiction. Poe's peculiar service was that he stood resolutely, almost defiantly, for technic through its whole range of application. By theory and practice he pleaded for economy of incidents in fiction, for unity and compression, for skillful selection and inevitable convergence of details. There is about all of his work an air of incomparable self-attentiveness. He united in himself the sensi-

⁴See his paper "On a Peal of Bells."

⁵In his "Introduction to American Literature," p. 164.

bilities of the artist and the calculating intellect of the mathematician.

It is easy to say that Poe's range is narrow, that his characters have no blood in their veins, that he himself ranks highest as a manufacturer of cold creeps and a maker of shivers. Poe was not a creator of character. He threw the whole weight of his influence into the scale of form, of expression, of adaptation of means to end. And it was just this influence that was needed to counteract the loose-jointedness of construction then in vogue. But apart from his mastery of the mechanics of story-telling, Poe had style—that indefinable distinction of utterance which stamps the personality of the writer upon every product of his pen, which confers immortality upon craftsman and craftsmanship alike, and without which fertility of invention creeps on broken wing.

IV.

Poe died in 1849. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" appeared in 1850. The two men had much in common. It is not surprising, therefore, that Poe was among the first to detect and to acknowledge the genius of Hawthorne. Both had style, both had constructive genius, and both knew the value of the vague. What Whittier said of Hawthorne in 1864 might have been said with equal fitness of Poe in 1849: "And so Hawthorne is at rest, the rest that he could not find here. God, the all-merciful, has removed him from the shadows of time, wherein he seemed to walk, himself a shadow, to the clear sunlight of eternity." Both are ranked by foreign critics as the greatest creative geniuses that our literature has produced, though Poe's popularity in Europe far surpasses that of Hawthorne.

But the difference between the two men as artists is more marked than the resemblance. Poe's work is not immoral; it is unmoral. It has no more to do with ethical problems than has the song of the nightingale. Hawthorne, on the other hand, is nothing if not ethical. It is this dominant ethical note that makes his work the beginning of a new period in American fiction. Poe's domain was the nerves,

Hawthorne's the conscience; and inasmuch as most readers, men at least, are more nervous than conscientious, Poe lords it over the wider territory. The mystery of evil, the gnawings of conscience, the relief of confession, these are the themes that Hawthorne handles with a mastery unmatched; but the vague terror that Poe inspires is not due to any violation of the law of conscience, but to a skillful massing of fearsome details.

Another difference, and one that makes Hawthorne's work foreshadow the fifth and last distinctive stage in American fiction, is the sense of locality in his stories. He complained while he was writing "The Marble Faun" in Rome that he felt cramped outside of New England. Can you imagine Poe's being influenced by local attachments? His land was neither north nor south of Mason and Dixon's line, but stretched east of the sun and west of the moon.

V.

The decade that included our Civil War was not productive of fiction of a high order, but since 1870 American literature means little more than American fiction. The appearance in 1870 of Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp" meant, as we now see plainly enough, that the curtain had gone up for the fifth act in the history of American fiction. It meant that our fiction was to become intensely local and vividly realistic. It meant an unconscious return to the local type inaugurated by Irving, but with a rigid exclusion of the romantic and impossible. American writers were now to busy themselves with the interpretation of life at close range. Influenced in part, perhaps, by the contemporary novelists of Russia and France, our latter-day story-tellers are reproducing, sometimes with tedious detail, those everyday aspects of local society which their great predecessors generally idealized or ignored. Eggleston's and Riley's Hoosiers, Miss Wilkin's and Miss Jewett's New Englanders, Mr. White's Kansans, Mrs. Peattie's Nebraskans, Octave Thanet's Arkansas philosophers and Iowa mechanics, Mr. Garland's Iowa and Wisconsin villagers and backwoodsmen, Mr. Page's

Virginians, Miss Murfree's Tennesseans, Mr. Cable's Creoles and Acadians, Mr. Fox's Kentucky mountaineers, are so many studies in local Americanism. Hardly a month passes that some new State or Territory is not added to the geography of American fiction. American life is being represented by districts and sections, by dialects and specialized types. Birnam wood is moving to Dunsinane. Politically we are one nation, but in fiction we are back under the old Articles of Confederation; or, more accurately, the State rights idea prevails, for our writers pay allegiance first to the State. We have attained to what Mr. Mabie aptly calls "sectional self-consciousness," but not to complete "national self-consciousness."

To the future Macaulay of our history these works will be invaluable for their local color and their fidelity to local environment; but they will prove permanent contributions to American fiction only in so far as the writers have learned how to be local in theme without being provincial in art. To live, these stories must enable the reader to interpret the particular in terms of the universal. Many of them, however, leave the impression of being written for no other purpose than to exploit a lot of unknown and vacant characters in terms of an impossible dialect.

VI.

Is it possible to differentiate American fiction as a whole from English and continental fiction? It seems to me that this problem may be best met by a brief survey of the work of Richardson and Fielding, the two founders of the modern novel. The points of view of these two men, their respective attitudes toward life and literature, were dissimilar even to antagonism; and it has been most fortunate for the healthy development of the novel that its founders put upon their pages, a hundred and fifty years ago, the two dissimilar but permanent types of character that have ever since continued to reappear. The plots of both are about equally probable; but Fielding's characters would fall foul of Richardson's were they to meet on the public highway, and every typical

American that happened to be passing would swell the Fielding forces. Richardson is constantly emphasizing the prestige and privilege that go with wealth and rank; his women exhibit more sensibility than sense, and his gentlemen *par excellence* are "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

In Fielding there is none of this coldly calculating prudence or rigid insistence on code and creed. He believes that "A man's a man for a' that . . . and a' that." His insight into character is not deeper than Richardson's, but saner. He loves manliness, but can sympathize with generous frailty. Indeed, Fielding coined or at least gave currency to the expression "amiable weakness," an expression that reveals no little of its author's character and art. The distinction, then, between Richardson and Fielding is not the old distinction between reputation and character, but between formal propriety and native impulse, a distinction universal in its scope and one which brings into relief the most characteristic trait of American fiction.

Whatever else American novelists may have done, they have stood as a whole consistently with Fielding for the dignity and worth of simple manhood and simple womanhood stripped of all the adventitious aids that are conferred by superior birth and sounding title. "Robin Hood, the popular hero, could not be quite heroic," says Dowden,⁶ "were he not of noble extraction and reputed Earl of Huntingdon." American novelists, on the contrary, have stood for equality before the law, equality of opportunity, equality of privilege, and equality of human interest. In other words, American fiction has from its inception been intensely democratic, and it is this note of pure democracy that differentiates it as a whole from the fiction of other countries.

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⁶"Studies in Literature," p. 476.

THE BRITISH NOVEL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

HOWEVER much we hear of the novel, and however much we read the novel, and however great the names of the novelists of the nineteenth century undoubtedly are, yet I believe—and I trust it is no great heresy—that the spirit of poetry and prophecy has most clearly caught and sounded the century's thought and aspiration. Matthew Arnold's words still remain true: "Supremacy is insured to the best poetry by the instinct of self-preservation in humanity." And over against the names of Jane Austen, Scott—who in his large views of life belongs also to the class of the prophets—the Brontës, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and the moderns about whom we are still arguing and questioning, brilliant as these are, must be placed the names and influence of the poets Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, Arnold, and the prophets Carlyle, Ruskin, Newman, Arnold, and others. We may even place the two Matthew Arnolds and the two Mr. Kiplings against themselves, and it is likely enough that the voice of the poet may outlive that of the critic and the novelist in each respectively.

But after all this has been said, the old century has closed and the new century has opened in a general spirit of novel-writing, and it must be reckoned with. The great possibility of the novel lies in its claim to portray life; its weakness is in its too ready compliance with every popular impulse. Almost any message can be heard. Indeed, in the hands of some of its advocates, it has almost ceased to be regarded primarily as an art form, and is become a medium for propaganda. And too often the "propaganda" thinly cloaks the "proper goose." There is only one more step for our enterprising age: some commercial house will yet send forth a long novel or a volume of short stories, deeply symbolical or highly mystical it

may be, wherein we shall be urged to use Pears' Soap or to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Indeed, have we not already come to that in the attractive advertising sheets appended to our monthly periodicals, often made as fascinating as the pages of contents which are stitched between? And are we far from this in a work like Zola's "Fecundity," the perusal of which might possibly have suggested to the President of our own country his advocacy of the blessings of large families had he not committed himself to it long ago? But if the novel has been thus fitful in its many forms and schools, and if its laws have never been very clearly defined, and we hardly know what new directions it may take, at least its course in history may be mapped out, its tendencies discerned, and a prophecy be made for its future coincident with the life it portrays.

Side by side with Miss Austen's delicate mosaics of English genteel country life in the early century was the "big bowwow" style of Sir Walter Scott, as the Wizard of the North, humorously and exaggeratedly described his own work. The popularity of the Waverley Novels was one of the phenomena in literary history, and remains so. But although in the rich color of mere romance, in the portrayal of the chivalrous Middle Ages and the Crusades, in the exactness or nicety of historic knowledge and setting, Scott may have been or may be overtaken, as, for example, in certain points of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Richard Yea-and-Nay"; yet in the knowledge of Scotland, Scotch scenery, Scotch manners, Scotch traditions, Scotch human nature, and all that goes to make up national life and character, that is Scott's realm where he is crowned king not to be usurped by any school or novelist to come. In his own kingdom Scott is removed from the "isms" of literature and, despite all dicta to the contrary, is among the immortals.

As the great name of Scott began the nineteenth century, so, after a period of neglect and even of reproach, the close of the century found a return to Scott in the many editions of the master and in the clearer recognition of his worth. In France he taught Victor Hugo and Dumas, "the great Alexander," their art, and even Balzac had something to learn from him. And later he has been directly or indirectly the inspiration of

the German Prof. George Ebers in Egyptian romances; of Jokai in Hungary; of the author of "Quo Vadis," with the unpronounceable name in Poland; of Stevenson in his own Scotland and among the South Sea Islands; and possibly even, in some measure, of Mr. Kipling in India. It would be impossible to state in precise terms what the century does owe to Scott's manliness, sanity, and sound healthfulness.

The lively humanitarian spirit and moral reforms of the nineteenth century found their first strong impulse in the novel in Charles Dickens's succession of stories for a purpose, often saved from becoming tracts or being sensational only by the author's inimitable humor and unrivaled knowledge of fundamental human nature in certain phases of life. These two things are Dickens's own, and Dickens lives for us because we have to go to him if we hope to get just his particular relation to these things.

The great man of letters in the nineteenth century British novel, Thackeray, gave this novel of manners a deeper significance and a loftier artistic aim. Somewhat corresponding to Balzac's "Human Comedy" for Paris and for French manners, the English Thackeray portrayed the Vanity Fair of London life; and the characters we have met in his pages, Becky Sharp, Rawdon Crawley, Lord Steyne, Jos. Sedley, Pen and Laura, Capt. Costigan, Col. Newcome, and Clive, we feel have lived.

In George Eliot's work the woman's soul brooded over the illusion and disillusion of life which found relentless expression in the characterization of Dorothea Brooke and Dr. Lydgate in "Middlemarch," and the psychological novel of character and analysis of motive was at length born for the English-speaking world. Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy—who at first went over to the local school—though independent and more influenced by continental examples, have worked in similar paths. Since then—and it has been the period of the last quarter of a century and belongs to our own day—English fiction has been divided into two sharp schools. The dividing line has almost seemed to be geographical and national. In Southern England fiction followed in the wake of the Warwick-

shire woman, the analyst George Eliot. Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray were all discarded as hopelessly out of date and weakly sentimental. Mr. George Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Fernal" and his latest works show how terribly in earnest is this portrayer of destiny in the lives and relations of man and woman. Mr. Thomas Hardy brought all the powers of his splendid rhetoric and art upon the delineation of Tess of the D'Urbervilles, who, he maintained, was "a pure woman faithfully portrayed." There was no capitulating with these gentlemen. This doctrine of inheritance and outside environment determining character, this promulgation of the fatalistic bearing of fact and circumstance upon life was strong, powerful, complete, and hopeless! It was not in England alone, and the movement had not begun in England. It was with Zola in France, Tolstoy in Russia, and in the dramas of Ibsen in Scandinavia, and the young Hauptmann in Germany. How they lay bare the structure of society, digging the earth away even from beneath the foundations to see what might be hidden! It has been an inevitable step possibly in the acute scientific and sociological development the world had entered upon in its interest in all problems of human life and social relations. In America we have had no writer and no artist who has dared to do the same thing so frankly. Mr. Howells, true, who occupies a leading place in American letters, has given us the method in his multiplicity of detail; but he has never pushed forward to the same logical results the terrible disenchantment and inexorable fatalism of his European models. He has been a lesser imitator of Balzac in phases of Boston and New York life as Mr. Brander Matthews is in his pictures of New York society.

But in striking contrast with this movement, Scotland, perhaps farther removed from continental influence, still proved true to the traditions of Walter Scott. North of the Tweed Robert Louis Stevenson still invoked the genius of romance, and believed that a good story with a plot possessing a thorough-paced villain was still worth telling, provided it was endowed with a style of distinction. Other Scotch writers likewise lingered on the romantic and gentler side of Scottish life,

in depicting manners and character. The sudden protest against naturalism and fatalism—the materialism of circumstance and fact—in British literature first made itself distinctly felt from Scotland. It came spontaneously and simultaneously from a group of writers born of Scotch and native, and not foreign, traditions. There was first of all Stevenson, who, passing to America and the islands of the Pacific, ultimately belonged to no race and country and climate, but to an altruistic brotherhood of man. And at the moment when the influence of the searching psychology and analysis of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy was reaching its height, there sprang up out of the rugged Scotch soil the more sentimental portrayals of Scotch life—Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and Mr. Barrie's "A Window in Thrums," "The Little Minister," and "Sentimental Tommy"—though latterly Mr. Barrie has gone over to the enemy with his transplanting from "Thrums" to London.

The same reaction was noticeable not only in Scotland but in England as well. Fresh enthusiasm was aroused by "The Prisoner of Zenda" stories of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, and the mysterious detective unravelings of Mr. Sherlock Holmes *alias* Sir Conan Doyle. Men had the courage again to confess that they enjoyed the very unreality and "unnaturalness," if you please, of these tales.

Certainly the two most marked influences upon the younger group of writers seem to be Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling, with their stories of South Sea adventure and Indian soldier life. Both prepared, in a measure unconsciously, America for her Eastern and Asiatic experiences and England for her South African difficulties. In their stories, both Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling represent vigor and action as opposed to the other significant contemporary method—the calm introspection of Mrs. Humphry Ward and the subtle refinement of Mr. Henry James. Listening so long to the practitioners of the analytic school, often shuddering as they revealed to our sight evidences of corruption in the body social, an experience, no doubt, necessary and which did all of us who were thinking beings good, how refreshing, for a change, to burst forth again from the close

chamber of invalidism and the stuffy room of dissection into the fresh air of Mr. Kipling's Mulvaney stories and the *Jungle Books*. What a difference! From Mr. Meredith to Mr. Kipling at one bound! Here was virility—some thought, as with modern athletics, too much so—and, if you please, something of Scott's large manner again. I know we had been told that Scott was hopelessly old-fashioned, that all the stories had been told, that one of Miss Austen's precise characterizations of English country life was worth all the *Waverley Novels* stacked together. It was possibly our woman readers who had something to do with this; for women after all have nerves, and also are the inveterate novel readers, and novels seem usually written not only about them but ultimately for them. But Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling were exceptions here again. In their characteristic work neither cares for the woman character or thinks of the woman reader. It was hardy adventure and the masculine life that they portrayed.

The comparative rejection of the naturalistic novel with the people; its persistence with its partisans, and with closer students of life and its relations with the modern objective scientific spirit of investigation; and the contemporary existence of the two tendencies side by side—such has been the interesting spectacle as the one century has drawn to a close and a new one has begun. We are said to live in a material and mechanical age, yet no power of money or machinery in these late years has been able to change and affect sentiment and the attitude of the human race as the aggregate of these works. It is but another illustration of the eternal truth—that power over mind and thought and feeling—that which moves nations, incites men, and controls action in crises, is seldom the material.

These are signs of the times. However extreme the analysis and psychology and naturalism of Zola and Tolstoy and Ibsen, and Thomas Hardy in his latest work, they have been based upon the desire to get at the end of being, "the truth of things as they are." There were many ways traversed, but these writers have been terribly in earnest. We cannot doubt their utter sincerity even when we shudder and cannot follow. They

were not playing; they were not wanton—at least the best of them not, and none of them in his best moments—however terrible and appalling the details and episodes may sometimes become. These writers, with M. Zola at their head, assert that they are moralists and reformers, and it is now getting to be generally understood that they are. The publication of the famous “I accuse” letter of M. Zola in the Dreyfus trial may almost be said to have revolutionized general sentiment in Zola’s favor. These writers have been among the literary forces that are tending to make the twentieth century more socially democratic, more humanitarian, more keenly alive to the presence of injustice and sham, and more capably and intelligently solicitous of the ills and consequent welfare of the race. The enduring part of this fiction at the close of the nineteenth century, the trend of the literature that will survive and is not a mere memoir to serve, it seems reasonable to maintain, has thus been spiritual in its final utterance—awakening, expanding, developing, and in the end uplifting.

JOHN BELL HENNEMAN.

Sewanee.

THE SOUTH DURING THE LAST DECADE.

THE growth and progress of the Southern States should be studied apart from the remainder of the United States. This section of our country presents peculiar economic and social conditions, due principally to the former prevalence of slavery, the effect of the Civil War, and to the presence, at the present time, of a large negro population. Before 1860 the manufacturing interests in the South were not extensive; agriculture was the principal industry, as is still the case. All the States of the South made great gains in the value of farm property during the decade from 1850 to 1860. This growth was checked by the Civil War and the demoralizing conditions which prevailed during the period of Reconstruction. Since 1880, however, there has been a notable increase in agriculture and manufacturing.

It is the purpose of this article to review the changes in economic and social conditions which have taken place during the last decade. A group of five States—South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana—is taken as the basis of this study. Incidental reference only will be made to neighboring States. For convenience, the subject will be considered under five separate topics: (1) Population, (2) manufactures, (3) agriculture, (4) wage-earners, and (5) education.

POPULATION.

Each of the five States shows a steadily increasing growth both in rural and city population. The urban population is small; only eight cities of more than 25,000 inhabitants are located within this group of States. The total population living in the five States is 8,318,239; of this number, 855,903 live in cities of 8,000 or more inhabitants, or about 10.3 per cent of the population lives in cities. Mississippi has the lowest and Louisiana the highest percentage of city dwellers.

During the decade from 1880 to 1890 the average percentage

of increase in population for the five States was 17.5 per cent, that of the entire United States for the same period was 24.9 per cent; but during the last decade the percentages were, respectively, 20.3 per cent and 20.7 per cent. Each State shows a greater percentage of increase during 1890-1900 than during 1880-1890. Table I. shows the change in population in the cities, towns, and counties of the group, compared with Massachusetts and Ohio.

TABLE I.

STATE.	Counties Lost.	Counties Lost.	Cities and Towns Gained.	Cities and Towns Lost.	Percentage of In- crease in Population of State.	
	1890-1900.	1880-1890.	1890-1900.	1890-1900.	1890-1900.	1880-1890.
South Carolina	102	18	16.4	15.6
Georgia	9	17	172	53	20.6	19.1
Alabama	1	5	91	25	20.9	19.8
Mississippi	3	10	94	29	20.3	14.0
Louisiana	6	3	64	10	23.5	19.0
Ohio	23	27	384	190	13.2	14.8
Massachusetts	2	2	25.3	25.6

Table II. makes a comparison between the rate of increase in the cities of over 8,000 inhabitants and that of the entire State; it shows that the urban population is at present increasing slightly faster than the rural population.

TABLE II.

STATE.	Per Cent. Cities.	Per Cent. State.
South Carolina	18½	16.4
Georgia	21¾	20.6
Alabama	28	20.9
Mississippi	22	20.3
Louisiana	19	23.5

The Southern States have been much slower in their development than the Northern and Eastern States. Industrial conditions have greatly changed in recent years, so that their development may follow a somewhat different order than that of the older industrial districts. New methods of shop construction, of shop operation, and of power transmission require more ground space and afford better sanitary conditions

than the methods in vogue a quarter of a century ago. As a result, there is a gradual movement of shops and factories from the crowded portions of our cities to the suburbs and smaller towns. This tendency may be expected to prevent the building up of great, compact manufacturing cities in the South. We may, on the contrary, anticipate that manufacturing plants will be scattered over a large territory. If such should prove to be the case, the population will be found not crowded into large and populous cities, but scattered over many smaller cities and towns. If the South becomes a large manufacturing district, the conditions which obtain in crowded Northern cities will not be found, unless the people of the South fail utterly to profit by the experience of older industrial communities.

The problem of a large negro population mingled with the whites is a difficult one. However, at present the white population seems to be increasing faster than the negro. During the last ten years the number of negroes relative to the number of white people increased in Mississippi, Florida, and Alabama, decreased in North and South Carolina and in Louisiana; in Georgia there was little change in the ratio. Mississippi and South Carolina are the only States in which the blacks outnumber the whites. Statistics seem to indicate that the negroes are, in the future, to be concentrated in the extreme Southern portion—namely, in Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana.¹

MANUFACTURES.

The census returns indicate a bright future industrially for this group of States. The South has great undeveloped resources in cotton, coal, iron, timber, and water power. The lack of skilled workmen and of capital is a severe handicap at the present time. Raw material, coal, and water power are found in close proximity, allowing a minimum of transportation of the materials needed in manufacturing. Not only should the South become a greater producer but she should also become a greater consumer. Her workmen must be given so-

¹ Shaw, *American Monthly Review of Reviews*, Vol. 24, 650.

cial and educational advantages which will raise their standard of living. Agricultural products can be raised in abundance to satisfy the needs of a large industrial population. Conditions are favorable to a greater increase in manufacturing in the present decade than during the last.

During the period 1890-1900 the capital invested in the five States in manufactures has increased from \$181,971,417 to \$376,407,915, or it has increased 106 per cent. This increase is partly due to a more careful enumeration in 1900 than in 1890. During the same period the number of separate establishments increased from 13,955 to 25,990, an increase of 86.2 per cent.

Each State has its own peculiar development. South Carolina is characterized by a remarkable growth in the manufacture of cotton goods. Cotton is brought to the mills of this State from several surrounding States. Twenty-four per cent of the total power employed in this State is water power. In Georgia the principal product of manufacture is cotton goods; but the lumber and timber interests are extensive. In Alabama the iron and steel industry is the most important, and the rapid increase in the population of Birmingham is due to this industry. Deposits of iron ore, coal, limestone, and dolomite are found in close proximity in the neighborhood of Birmingham. The industrial prospects of Mississippi are the least promising of the group. This State has few natural advantages, lumber and timber being the chief products. In Louisiana sugar-refining and lumbering have shown great increases during the last decade.

AGRICULTURE.

This group of States shows a great increase in the number of farms, and a corresponding decrease in the average size of the farms. The average size of the farms in these five States, according to the census of 1890, was 129.4 acres; but in 1900 the average size was reported to be 96 acres. During the same period the average size of farms in the United States increased, instead of decreasing, from 136.5 acres to 146.6 acres.² This

² See "Growth and Management of American Agriculture," by the writer, *Annals*, Nov., 1903.

decrease is accounted for by the increase in the number of negro farmers. The average size of farms in these five States operated by white farmers is 140.3 acres; the average of those operated by colored farmers is only 49.4 acres. The average size of farms operated by white farmers is larger than the average size of farms in many Northern and Eastern States.

The negro, when first emancipated, became a farm laborer; now he is beginning to emulate the white man by becoming a renter or an owner of a farm. This signifies an improvement in the status of the colored man; but he must become an intelligent farmer if the improvement is to be real and permanent. His education must fit him to improve his economic condition. He must learn to improve the soil, and not impoverish it.

These States are agricultural States; but in the past the farmers have raised principally cotton, rice, and sugar cane. Cotton is the chief product in 65.4 per cent of the farm acreage in the State of South Carolina. The lowest percentage is found in Louisiana, 51.7 per cent. There is to-day, fortunately, some tendency toward diversified farming. The increase in manufactures and the building up of towns devoted to manufacturing is aiding this movement. We may expect to see a phenomenon similar to that witnessed in the Northern States—the growing of vegetable, dairy products, fruits, etc., in the neighborhood of towns in order to supply the demand of these industrial centers. The value of a home market for produce must be more fully recognized.

WAGE-EARNERS.

TABLE III.

	Year.	Total No. of Wage-Earners.	Percentage of Increase.	Total No. of Men Wage-Earners.	Percentage of Increase.	Total No. of Women Wage-Earners.	Percentage of Increase.	Total No. of Child Wage-Earners.	Percentage of Increase.
Five Southern States	1000 1890	253,507 149,025	70.1	201,067 120,575	66.7	31,753 19,671	61.4	20,687 8,776	135.7
United States.....	1000 1890	5,316,802 4,251,613	25.1	4,116,610 3,327,042	23.7	1,631,600 803,686	28.4	168,583 120,885	39.5
Massachusetts.....	1000 1890	497,448 447,270	11.2	341,783 305,151	12.0	143,109 133,452	7.2	12,556 8,667	44.9
Ohio	1000 1890	345,860 292,982	18.1	287,789 244,900	17.5	53,711 41,531	29.3	4,369 6,551	Decrease. 33.3

Table III. shows clearly several interesting facts, which are important when considering the future of this group of States. The percentage of increase in the number of wage-earners is exceedingly high, as compared with the entire United States. The number of women wage-earners is approximately one-eighth of the total number; in the United States the number is approximately one-fifth. The percentage of increase in the number of women wage-earners is also less in the South than that of the men wage-earners, while the contrary is true in the entire United States. In the United States approximately 3 per cent of the wage-earners are children under 16 years of age; in the five Southern about 8 per cent are children. The number of children employed in the South increased in a remarkable and alarming rate during the last decade. About one-fourth of the total increase in the number of children employed in the United States is found in these five Southern States. The four States, Illinois, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, report an increase of 22,527 during the last decade; but the percentage of increase is less than in the South. In the United States as a whole in the year 1900 4.8 per cent of the total wage-earners were children; in the South, 8.2 per cent.

There are practically no laws regarding the employment of women and children in the South, and very few labor laws of any sort. Louisiana prohibits the employment in factories of girls under 14 and of boys under 12 years of age. Alabama prohibits the employment of women and of children under 10 in mines.⁸ South Carolina has recently enacted legislation bettering the condition of child labor. This lack of labor legislation is one of the greatest menaces to the progress and prosperity of the South. The coming generation of workers will have little opportunity to receive the benefits of schooling and of real home life. Such conditions will tend to degrade permanently the character of the workmen as a class and to lower their standard of living. The South needs more skilled workers; she has an abundance of unskilled labor. In order to se-

⁸ Another act was passed in 1903.

cure these, labor laws, similar to those in force in other States, should be enacted and enforced, particularly those which relate to the employment of women and children. The progress of the South, as of any other section, depends upon the progress and prosperity of all the people, workers and employers alike. As the negroes are as yet not employed to any great extent in manufacturing industries, it seems likely that their children will be able to go to school while the children of the white factory employees are toiling in the factories; and, therefore, will receive a better education than the children of white workmen. Such a condition can only accentuate the trouble and friction arising from the close and continual contact of the two dissimilar races living side by side.

Labor is not well organized in the South. Very little organization exists among the negroes. In the year 1900 there were 63 strikes⁴ in the States under consideration, or about 3.5 per cent of the total number for the entire United States. Labor unions are undoubtedly held in check by the fear that employers will "negroize" their plants if the unions become aggressive. Agricultural laborers, particularly in the cotton fields, are largely negroes.

EDUCATION.

The South is in a very backward condition in regard to general public education. Owing chiefly to the prevalence of rural over urban conditions, the rapid growth of cotton mill centers, and the large negro population, her common school system is poor. Considerable attention has always been paid to higher education, but altogether too little to the common schools. The percentage of illiteracy is high in these States. The lack of properly enforced laws regarding child labor and compulsory education does not give promise of a rapid improvement in the near future. However, many leaders of public opinion in the South are aroused to the necessity of better schools. They are particularly impressed with the fact that the children of the South need a practical education, one which fits them for the

⁴ Sixteenth Report of the Commissioner of Labor.

active pursuits of life. The value of technical training for the whites, and for the blacks as well, is being recognized. Many flourishing agricultural and mechanical colleges and polytechnic institutes are found in this section.

The report of the Commissioner of Education in 1899 gives the following average total expenditures per pupil for one year: South Carolina, \$3.96; Georgia, \$7.30; Alabama, \$3.59; Mississippi, \$5.21; Louisiana, \$7.70; the United States, \$18.99. The estimated expenditure per pupil per year in the 16 former slave States and the District of Columbia was given as \$4.25 for white children and \$2.27 for colored children. Dr. Charles W. Dabney states that the average school period in 1898-1899 in the United States was 4.4 years of 200 days each; in Massachusetts, 7 years; in Tennessee (a representative Southern State), a little less than 3 years. When we remember that the progress and wealth of a State depend in no small degree upon the education of the masses, it can be seen that improvement in the educational system of the South is a great, if not the greatest, necessity of that section of our country.

Booker T. Washington has sounded the keynote with regard to the future education and training of the negro race. The colored people must fit themselves for agricultural and mechanical pursuits. As one writer has well said: "The purpose of education for the negro is to make him as good and useful a negro as possible rather than to make him an imitation of a white man." Bishop Grant, in his testimony before the Industrial Commission, estimated that there are about 170 good educational institutions for the negroes of the South in addition to the common schools, and that about 15,000 colored people are graduated yearly from these institutions. Through industry and attainment of technical skill only can this race advance above and beyond its present low plane of life. Above all, this problem is a Southern one, and its solution is to be worked out in and by the South, not by theoretical and academic discussions in the North.

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WILLIAM WATSON AND HIS POETRY.

MR. WATSON has said that he has "lived deep life," that he has "drunk of tragic springs;" but "deep life" and "tragic springs" are not the sources of his poetry. Its sources are such thoughts as are habitual to cultivated people of English race when they seriously discuss State, Church, Literature, or the everyday problems of life. Sometimes, in brooding over the common themes, individual thoughts come to Mr. Watson; but usually it is the better conversation of the day that forms his material. This conversation, condensed to its essentials, and wonderfully clarified, he refashions into verse that is at its average stately rhetoric and at its best sonorous poetry. Only in those rare moments when he is out of hearing of the talk of the time and some large mood of nature dominates him, or when his spirit lifts as he realizes some greatness of his country, or when he is drawn out of himself by the call of old romance, can he attain the magic of high poetry; and even when so dominated or so uplifted or so enchanted he cannot write without echoes of the great poets lingering among his own words. Even in his "Ode to May," where he is most himself, there are suggestions of likeness between lines of his and lines in older poets; and in "The Ode on the Day of Coronation," where the breath of authentic poetry blows about a structure of noble rhetoric raised on stern thought, the reader cannot admire without wondering which modern poet inspired this love of "old forgotten far-off things," who taught him to recapture this "old romance," so familiar is the cry and clang of singing line and sounding line. In these two poems, the best of those not confessedly derivative by choice of subject, Mr. Watson reëchoes others.

Indeed, nothing that he has written is so individual that were it published unsigned it could be surely attributed to him, unless it be his "Apologia," in which he defends himself against the criticism that he writes too much of older poets

and that he brings "naught new." To the former charge he replies that he holds "singers' selves . . . to be very part of nature's greatness," and accounts "their descants not least heroical of deeds." To the latter he replies that he indeed brings "naught new," "save as each noontide or each spring is new." Continuing:

I . . .
. . . can but proffer unto who so will
A cool and no-wise turbid cup, from wells
Our fathers digged; and have not thought it shame
To tread in nobler footsteps than mine own
And travel by the light of purer eyes.

He hopes that his lips do "inherit some far echo" of the "mighty voices of old days:"

It was mine endeavor so to sing
As if these lofty ones a moment stooped
From their still spheres, and undisdainful graced
My note with audience.

So he passes on to a third charge that has been made against his poetry, that it lacks the passion that Milton demands of poetry. He declares:

I too, with constant heart
And with no light or careless ministry,
Have served what seemed the Voice; and unprofane
Have dedicated to melodious ends
All of myself that least ignoble was.

And unto such as think all Art is cold,
All music unimpassioned, if it breathe
An ardor not of Eros' lips, and glow
With fire not caught from Aphrodite's breast,
Be it enough to say that in Man's life
Is room for great emotions unbegot
Of dalliance and embracement, unbegot
Ev'n of the purer nuptials of the soul;
And one not pale of blood, to human touch
Not tardily responsive, yet may know
A deeper transport and a mightier thrill
Than comes of commerce with mortality.

Enough for me, if on these pages fall
The shadow of the summits, and an air
Not dim from human hearth-fires sometimes blow.

It is seldom that a poet has written of his own purpose and

achievement so frankly and so justly. All that he claims with proud humility for his poetry may be granted him, except that his verse is new as "each spring is new." It is a fine retort, that he brings nothing new, "save as each noontide or each spring is new," but it boasts of two widely differing qualities. One noontide recalls another, but each spring refreshes with a joy unknown before. There is one newness of the noontide, a newness that is the rebirth of known and remembered things, and this is Mr. Watson's; there is another newness of the spring, a newness that is the rapture of virgin things, and this is not Mr. Watson's. Mr. Watson surely would not deny that poetry lifts and exhilarates largely through the thrill of first-awakened wonder at thoughts and images, turns of phrase and felicities of sound never met before. These constitute a new note, and a new note struck in poetry is one of the achievements that win for a poet title to greatness. This one possession is sometimes a poet's chief claim to greatness, just as one other supreme gift, style, is Mr. Watson's almost only claim.

All else that Mr. Watson boasts is his, even to the "high lineage" from "the mighty voices of old days." Subjects that have engaged Spenser's attention and Milton's and Wordsworth's and Tennyson's engage his. As these poets were seekers of "order beyond this coil and errancy," so is he. Like them, he is largely concerned with political and social questions, from an outlook basically Puritan. But it is not only of this line of our poets, of natures strenuous yet rigidly controlled, that Mr. Watson may trace descent, but from that line that, beginning in Ben Jonson and continued in Dryden and Pope, has tended toward epigrammatic expression and delighted in rhetoric and satire. The problems that concern the individual as an individual furnish Mr. Watson the material for almost as many poems as do public affairs. He writes of man's relation to God, his place in nature, the why and whither of life; of love of woman; of the great poets; of nature; and most of all, of public affairs.

Public affairs seem to have interested him early. His first published volume, "The Prince's Quest and Other Poems,"

written in great part during his teens, naturally contains no reference to them; but the Soudanese campaign of 1885 and the Russian menace of that year provoked him to a series of fifteen sonnets on public affairs, which he entitles "*Ver Tenebrosus*." From that time until this public affairs have never ceased to inspire him, and in his "*Ode on the Day of Coronation*" of 1902 they have inspired him to his highest poetry of such kind.

As is to be expected of a poet who writes not so often out of possessed mood as on mere happenings or topics of the day, much of Mr. Watson's poetry is occasional. His poetry on public affairs must of necessity be largely occasional. Of such kind are the sonnets of "*Ver Tenebrosus*," "*England to Ireland*," verses praying for reconciliation during the Irish agitation of February, 1888; the sonnets of "*The Year of Shame*," wrung from him in bitterest despair at England's apathetic acquiescence in the Armenian massacres, the various poems of the Boer war, and the "*Ode on the Day of Coronation of King Edward VII.*" The latter poem is not only critical of the events of State of the hour in England but commemorative of England's "old greatnesses" and celebrant of England's imperial sway. In its warning to England that

Already is doom a-spinning, if unstirred
In leisure of ancient pathways she lose touch
Of the hour and overmuch
Recline upon achievement and be slow
To take the world arriving,

it is frankly of the hour that realizes the backwardness of the English army system and of English manufacturing methods. In its reference to old battles and its portrayal of strong rulers, such as,

She a queen, but fashioned kinglike, she
Before whose prowess, before whose tempests, fled
Spain on the ruining night precipitately—

it is commemorative of "old greatnesses;" and in its symbolizing of the vastness of the realm that can

Stretch one hand on Huron's bearded pines,
And one on Kashmir's snowy shoulder lay,
And round the streaming of whose raiment shines
The iris of the Australasian spray—

it is celebrant of England's imperial sway. These that I have quoted are not the poem's most beautiful passages. It is in recalling the remote past of England and in following the sunset beyond "Druid Mountains" over the Irish sea that the ode gathers to itself bewildering glamour. No homely Saxon subject can attract magic as Divnaint and "Cumbria sunset-gazing," Morven, "wild Lorn," and Lochiel.

In all there are some sixty of these poems on public affairs. Most of them are critical of English governmental policy, and some of these very personal in their satire. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Alfred Austin are told very plainly of their shortcomings, not by name, of course, but none the less clearly by implication. Mr. Gladstone is appealed to; Mr. Chamberlain and his orchid held up to scorn. Every man can understand, and almost every man outside the influence of party feeling can sympathize, at least theoretically, with Mr. Watson in his indignation at the Armenian massacres, the crushing of Greece by Turkey, and the South African war; but even he himself has by this time realized that most of his poems so inspired, and written at white heat, are not high poetry. It is not that they suffer any taint of political prejudice, but that they are rhetorical rather than poetical. They are effective, but their effectiveness is the effectiveness of rhetoric, not the effectiveness of poetry. The sonnets of "The Year of Shame" (1896) served to carry his name around the world, and one of them, written during the Venezuelan crisis, was deemed important enough as a public document to be cabled to America. Mr. Watson has excluded almost all of these sonnets from his "Collected Poems" of 1898; and it is likely that with his usual good judgment he will exclude most of his verses on the South African war from subsequent editions of his poems. The few poems inspired by the Armenian massacres that he does retain in his "Collected Poems" are the best, and one of them, "Europe at the Play," is an indubitably fine poem. At the same time, it is an admirable illustration of Mr. Watson's methods of finding his material in the talk of the hour. After the

fine opening, in which he tells how Europe, a "languid audience," watches

The last act of the tragedy
On that terrific stage afar,
Where burning towns the footlights are,

he proceeds to say that so sat Rome around the arena in old days, and to prophesy that the fate of the armed empires of modern Europe may be the fate of Rome, a prophecy that scarcely a public speaker or journalist of the Little England party had omitted to state in address after address or in leader after leader.

Yet though Mr. Watson himself adjudges almost all of the poems of "*The Year of Shame*" ephemeral, and though most of them are ephemeral, that very quality makes them of historical importance in indicating the function of verse in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Of course his protests had no effect, and of course Lord Salisbury's government felicitated itself that neither Mr. Gladstone nor Lord Rosebery had left them so independent a laureate, and of course Mr. Austin answered the protests. It was altogether, maybe, only a pretty pother, but it showed that cultivated people of the English race would still listen to a poet who protested in the name of Christian morality against the despotism of commercial fact. Mr. G. F. Watts testified to his sympathy with the protests by allowing his picture, "*The Recording Angel*," to be reproduced as frontispiece to "*The Year of Shame*" (December, 1896), and the Rt. Rev. John Percival, Anglican Bishop of Hereford, prefaced it with a statement, in which he said, "This little volume goes out, as I understand, on the present occasion not only as a poet's impassioned utterance but still more as a patriotic appeal, intended to provoke men to serious thought about national honor and duty; and to move the fountains of charity on behalf of those sufferers who, having endured long agony and sore bereavement and horrors that cannot be plainly described, are now perishing in misery and want amidst all the cruel rigor of an Armenian winter while the Pharaohs of modern Christendom harden their hearts against their bitter cry."

It was a serious effort, at any rate, to use poetry as a means, and it was taken seriously by people the world holds to be in high places; but, as is ever the case when poetry is anything but its own end, it was not high poetry. Nor, as I have said, did it accomplish anything. As Mr. Watson wrote, "the spiritual frost lies so hard upon the land."

The most imposing poem of the class commemorative of England's "old greatnesses" is "The Father of the Forest." Musing by a yew so old that the "stars look youthful," it "being by," the poet broods over the past that the tree must have seen, until there unrolls before him a pageant of that past, beginning with Elizabethan days and extending back to the time when on the down beyond camped "the hosts of Rome." In the pageant pass Cranmer, Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Philip Sidney, Henry V., Edward I., Richard I., the Conqueror, the Viking hordes. When all are gone the poet falls again to brooding, and dreams that the tree whispers to him of a time when the "indomitable world" will have attained that which has for eternities been its goal, "its golden end—Beauty." "A New Year's Prayer" and "Jubilee Night in Westmoreland" are other poems inspired by "the high imperial past." This "high imperial past" he now mourns as dead, the knell of chivalry he has heard rung, but even in that past England was not always righteous. Indeed, in one mood, when he was thinking of the proud boast of Mr. Kipling's prayer, he could declare that though

Best by remembering God, say some,
We keep our high, imperial lot,
Fortune, I fear, hath oftenest come
When we forgot—when we forgot.
A lovelier faith their happier crown,
But history laughs and weeps it down!

His poems celebrant of the British empire's vastness and power are not markedly successful; but here and there in poems of other inspiration he has written "imperial verse" up to his high standards. As far back as 1885, in the last sonnet of "Ver Tenebrosus," he celebrated England's trust in her colonies. A little later he wrote "England and Her Colonies" in the

same strain. In those days, as to-day, he trusted his "Kin before the Muscovite," and declared he was not a cosmopolite, but "chiefly mere Englishman" of "island fostering." He is a lover of his country, but a lover not blind to her failings, who believes that some day she may be "appalled by her own crimson hands;" and yet, although he disapproves of the way in political and in social life of the majority of his countrymen, he naturally enough exclaims:

And whom,
Account so near in natural hands as these
Born of my mother England's mighty womb,
Nursed on my mother England's mighty knees,
And lull'd as I was lull'd in glory and gloom,
With cradle song of her protecting seas?

Born of typically English stock in Wharfedale, Yorkshire, Mr. Watson has lived much on the Lancashire coast of the Irish Sea, in the Lake Country, and in London. In such inheritance and surroundings he grew to manhood with an ever-increasing love of the beautiful in life and nature, and an ever-increasing admiration for the greatness of old times. At maturity he owns a love of order and law in all things, a reliance on precedent and authority, a veneration for those institutions that have survived out of England's past. He once declared he loved

So well man's noble memories
He needs must love man's nobler hopes yet more.

Yet as he grows older his temperamental conservatism grows on him, though even his concurrently growing pessimism does not dissuade him from Liberal tendencies. Closely grafted on this Liberal Conservatism is an aristocratic creed. This creed well accords with the manner of his poetry, which has always a high-bred air and pace. An idealist such a man must be; life for him must be a life chosen from many possible ways of living—life sublimed—and life must have style. With these things in conjunction realism has not to do. He does once declare "Life as I see it lived is great enough for me;" but the life that he wills to see, though it inspire him to pessimism, is such life as I have indicated, above all a life concerned with

great issues. Tragedy to him is not merely the triumph of the universal over the individual; it is "the overthrow of something great." He makes one or two perfunctory references to the plight of Demos, but he quotes with something of their author's scorn the Miltonic phrases "the nameless aggregated millions" who "grow up and perish as the summer fly." Not that Mr. Watson is unsympathetic—no one could accuse the writer of "The Year of Shame" and "For England" of lack of sympathy—but he feels keenly distinctions between men, between things. "The sense of oneness with our kind" he puts on record as one of "the things that are most excellent." Others are "the thirst to know and understand," "a large and liberal discontent."

The grace of friendship, mind and heart
Linked with their fellow-heart and mind
The gains of science, gifts of art.

How much friendship is to him he reveals in the number of his poems that are addressed to people. Of these some are occasional poems of compliment, in which the compliment terminates a lyric that has led to it gracefully. In this form he is particularly happy—witness the poems "To Richard Holt Hutton" and "To Lady Katherine Manners." Others are epistles in the eighteenth century manner, combining personal references with disquisition upon some contemporary problem, such as the ode "To Arthur Christopher Benson." Others still are almost solely critical of poetry, such as that "To Edward Dowden;" and yet others almost solely personal to the man addressed, as that "To Edward Clodd." This insistence on the social side of letters is of a part with Mr. Watson's interest in recording social discussion of all kinds, and is one of several proclivities of his that ally him to the eighteenth century writers. Most modern poets feel that the delights of social life cannot well be transmitted into poetry. Mr. Watson makes Dr. Johnson say that "your modern poet would appear to be a taciturn and unsocial person who never opens his mouth until he comes where there are none but ravens and sea mews to listen;" and in the same essay, "Dr. Johnson on

Modern Poetry: an Interview in the Elysian Fields," Mr. Watson, as interviewer, admits to the Doctor "that in the failure to give classical literary form to the presentation of social life is the vulnerable side of modern poetry." Mr. Watson has given "classical literary form to the presentation" of the better conversational topics of social life, and in so far strengthens the defenses on this side of modern poetry; further he has not gone, and wisely, for it is indeed a hard and high endeavor.

Although in the eighteenth century sense of the word a "philosophic" poet, being more concerned with the constitution of things than with the appearance of things, Mr. Watson has nowhere laid down definitely his philosophy of life, as he has in the "Apologia" definitely laid down the purpose of his art. His attitude must be learned from a declaration here and a declaration there; in "The Hope of the World," more fully than elsewhere, he states such philosophy as he has formulated. Law and love he would see the rulers of the world, he would have man live by them; man, who as far as he can judge, did not rise to his kingship through some purpose of nature's, but climbed there by chance. If so it be, what assurance is there that he will ever rise to more than mortal state, that he will put on immortality? There is no such assurance, he admits. "Equal, my source of hope, my reason for despair." Although he hopes, he will no longer on this world

Cast ignoble slight
Counting it but the door
Of other worlds more bright.

Who know not whence I am sped, nor to what port I sail.

Almost always when Mr. Watson is concerned with life he is concerned too with religion. Always seeking peace, he never finds it, but joy and sorrow instead. Here in this world are good and bad; when he is in contemplative mood, more bad; in his rare exultant moods, more good. In such moods he can believe

That heaven, the ocean, gains on earth, the shore;
And that deformity and hate are Time's,
And love and loveliness Eternity's.

The past he knows had in it some good, therefore his eyes turn always lovingly on the past; there he sees the "burly oak," in the present only "the lissom willow swaying to the wind." Altogether it is not too cheerful a philosophy he professes, but one that holds to high ideals. If he does not always hold to Church and State, he does to the foundations of morality and religion, of law and order, on which Church and State are based; he holds to the institutions of his race.

Of the problems of life outside the domain of politics Mr. Watson has written some hundred poems, of which about twenty-five may be denominated love poetry. The constitution of things, the laws of nature, the question of immortality, the incidents of social life, occupy him as often as does love; yet of love songs he is a skillful maker, and his verse has never so much lilt as here. His first poem is naturally enough a poem of love. "The Prince's Quest" is a quest for love, a development of a theme not unlike that of William Morris's "Love Is Enough." "Angelo," a tragedy, and a few lyrics of this volume of 1880 are also love poetry. Not a poem in the volume is retained in his "Collected Works" of 1898, and rightly; for the lyrics are only clever, and the narrations of "The Prince's Quest" and "Angelo" are juvenile and of a form which Mr. Watson has never mastered. "Domine, Quo Vadis," "The Saint and the Satyr," and "The Ballad of the Britain's Pride" are his other narratives, and none of them is of importance.

Mr. Watson has spoken rather derogatively of the "ardor of Eros' lips," and he has kept it from his own. His love verse is written out of the reverie of love, a reverie undisturbed by the tumult of passion. In such reverie he can dream:

Thy voice from inmost dreamland calls,
 The wastes of sleep thou makest fair;
 Bright o'er the ridge of darkness falls
 The cataract of thy hair.
 The morn renews its golden birth;
 Thou with the vanquished night dost fade;
 And leav'st the ponderable earth
 Less real than thy shade.

"Lux Perdita" and "Too Late" are gravely introspective in thought and marmoreally beautiful in style. "The Lure" and

"A Golden Hour" are exquisite as their titles, and "The Heights and the Deeps," with its Cumbrian setting and its simplicity and freshness and deep-heartedness, carries one back to Wordsworth. These I have mentioned win me most of Mr. Watson's love poems, and I care not at all that he does not sound the deeps of passion. Curiously illustrative of his avoidance of certain kinds of love poetry is his omission from "Lyric Love; an Anthology" of any poem of Browning's or Mr. Swinburne's.

Admirer of Wordsworth that he is, Mr. Watson has written comparatively little verse descriptive of Nature, and that little is not Wordsworthian. In "The Heights and the Deeps" he comes nearest to Wordsworth's way and tone. Even in "Wordsworth's Grave," where he might well have pictured the graveyard in Grasmere vale with the mountains brooding above, he mentions, until the very close of the poem, scarcely a detail save "the old rude church, with bare, bald tower," and the "cool murmur" of Rotha lulling the poet's rest. The note of the poem is peace, the peace it distinguishes as Wordsworth's message, the peace that is Grasmere's; and in his wish to give this peace, Mr. Watson does in some part describe twilight in the vale, "the sheen of the retreating day" behind Helm Crag and Silver Howe, the half-heard bleat of sheep coming from the hill pastures. In many other poems, as in this, there are references to nature; but neither here nor in the dozen poems that may be called nature poems are there any revelations of an intimate delight such as was Wordsworth's. Although the Cumberland Mountains are in sight of Southport, Mr. Watson tells us that in boyhood he dwelt only "where Nature but prattled familiar language;" then he visited Lakeland, whose beauty touched his "youth with bloom, tender and magical light," where Nature spoke to his "spirit in lofty and resonant numbers." "Lakeland once more" is an eloquent tribute to Cumbria. There have been his, he writes, "friendships and hates," "love and a whisper of fame;"

But ever to you I return, O land in the dusk of whose portals
Rustles my Past like leaves, memories brush me as wings.

"Night on Curbar Edge," "An Inscription at Windermere," "An Epistle to N. A.," "A Riddle of the Thames," "The First Skylark of Spring," "April," "Autumn," "Hymn to the Sea," and "Ode in May" about complete the list of his nature poems, and scarcely one of these is purely descriptive. "April" is one of his most spontaneous lyrics, musical as with rain among the leaves. "Autumn," harking back inevitably to Keats, is fashioned of marble, but warmed to something of the mellowness of the season it describes by the breath of romance so rare a visitant to his poetry; the "Hymn to the Sea," a gallant attempt to do the impossible, is, despite its sounding elegiacs, hardly as rapturous as the spring and the sea whose pæan it raises; the "Ode to May" is the most exultant of Mr. Watson's poems, where for once he awakes to an appreciation of the "glorious energy of things," and captures and imprisons that energy in his verse as he failed to capture and imprison in his hymn, "the thunderous throbs of life divine," in which "leaped the glad sea."

The details of out-of-door life that so interested Wordsworth, and that so interested Mr. Watson's fellow-Wordsworthian, Mr. A. C. Benson, have apparently little charm for him. Perhaps he does not know much about birds or flowers, country ways or the signs of the seasons. Even the larger manifestations of nature seldom find place in his writing. "The authentic mountain thrill" no more shakes his page than it does Arnold's. I do not regret that Mr. Watson has not written of Nature, I merely remark it is a curious phenomenon in a poet who holds Wordsworth as master. That he could write nobly if not intimately of these things is proved by these lines from "A Child's Hair:"

And over piny tracts of Vaud
The rose of eve steals up the snow;
And on the waters far below
Strange sails like wings
Half bodilessly come and go,
Fantastic things;

And tender night falls like a sigh
On chalet low and chateau high;

And the far cataract's voice comes nigh,
Where no man hears;
And spectral peaks impale the sky
On silver spears.

Mr. Watson made his appeal to the world with a critical elegy, "Wordsworth's Grave," in 1890; but in his "Epigrams of Life, Art, and Nature," of 1884, he had already written metrical critiques. "Lachrymae Musarum" and "Lyric Love" were published in 1892, and the next year the prose "Excursions in Criticism" followed. Many notable critical-elegiac poems are included in his later volumes. All the poets he criticises are of well-established fame, and the criticisms in little he makes are not flashes of insight that for the first time penetrate the mystery of the poet's charm and for the first time reveal him to the world, but accurate condensations in most pregnant and felicitous verse of the opinion of the "hoi episkopoi" of our time in regard to that poet. Thus when he writes of Shelley as "the cloud-begot," as a man of "vain vision," who rides in "thin ether," "lost in a storm of light," no one who knows Arnold's essay but will recall "the beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

"Lyric Love," his anthology of English love poetry, makes it evident that Mr. Watson is not trustworthy as a critic when he goes outside the poets commonly known. His selections from the Rev. Mr. Butler, Mr. Pollock (is he now Sir Walter Herries Pollock?) and Mr. Austin are unworthy of place, and some of Mr. Swinburne's lyrics, as well as some of Browning's, should have been given. It is, of course, possible that copyright prevented their inclusion. Mr. Watson does not pick out the best among his contemporaries, and when he turns to the lesser men among the Georgians he makes selections that will not stand the test of comparison with those of the best anthologies. Even notable poems of Mr. Meredith and Tennyson and Wordsworth are left out; but all that he quotes from these poets are notable, and I would not make the error of objecting simply because I do not find some personal favorites. From the eighteenth century he could, and did take,

but little. He quotes very freely from the seventeenth century, laying it down as his belief that the Elizabethan lyrists are greatly overpraised, as in "Some Literary Idolatries" he maintains Dekker, Webster, Tourneur, and Ford are overpraised. Surely a man is not fanatic in his admiration of the Elizabethan lyric because he complains of the inclusion of but one lyric of Campion's and of the entire omission of Lodge, Barnefield, and Donne.

In his essay, "Some Literary Idolatries," in arguing that Webster and Poe are not poets of the first rank, Mr. Watson says very plainly what he considers the qualities of greatness in poetry: "But the authentic masters, are they not masters in virtue of their power of nobly elucidating the difficult world, not of exhibiting it in a fantastic lime light? And after all, the highest beauty in art is, perhaps, transcendent propriety. The touches which allure us by strangeness, or which 'surprise by a fine excess' belong at best to the second order of greatness. The highest, rarest, and most marvelous of all are those which simply compel us to feel they are supremely fit and right." "A transcendent propriety" in art seems to Mr. Watson to exclude strangeness and excess, and yet strangeness and excess are the very being of romantic art. Mr. Watson is obviously a classicist, but there are few classicists that would lay down such a dictum. Romance has had a noble revenge on him in lifting his loftiest passages with its breath. It is romance that calls from "inmost dreamland," that cries "Lost about Lochiel," that stirs "the million-lilied stream of night."

"Wordsworth's Grave," the first of Mr. Watson's important critical elegies, remains his most important. Written thirty-five years after Wordsworth's death, it is not in any sense a lament for the poet personally; it is rather a lament for our own age that lacks so great a voice. It is composed of seven parts, that might each, with slight alterations, be printed as a separate poem. There are in all forty-seven stanzas of four lines each. Part I. celebrates Wordsworth's grave itself, beside Rotha, in the shadow of the "old rude church" at Grasmere, and the power in his poetry that calls our age back to

Wordsworth. Part II. postulates that Wordsworth's great gift was the gift of peace, "peace, whose names are rapture, power, clear sight, and love;" and compares this gift with Milton's keen, translunar music," with "Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view," with Shelley's "flush of rose on peaks divine," with Coleridge's "wizard twilight," with Byron's "tempest anger, tempest mirth." Part III. analyzes Wordsworth more minutely, insisting that his song was impassioned and ecstatic. Part IV. outlines in fourteen stanzas the history of poetry in the eighteenth century up to the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads" in 1798. Pope and his school, Colvin's "lonely vesper chime," Gray's "frugal note," Blair, Goldsmith, Burns with his "plowman's conquering share," are criticised in succession until "Those morning stars that sang together rose," the dreamer and the seer, Coleridge and Wordsworth. Part V. sketches the progress of poetry down through the Victorians—from Mr. Swinburne, whose "empty music floods the ear," and Browning, who "the heart refreshing tires the brain," to the "loquacious throng" that "flutter and twitter," for so Mr. Watson sees the minor poets of the eighties. Part VI. contrasts Byron with "hot heart world-defiled," and Wordsworth, who was home, who was all but nature's voice. Part VII. returns to the grave at Grasmere. The poem ends on the note on which it began, the note of rest and peace.

Rest! 'Twas the gift he gave; and peace! the shade
He spread, for spirits fevered with the sun.
To him his bounties are come back—here laid
In rest, in peace, his labor nobly done.

"Lachrymae Musarum," a threnody for Tennyson, was published immediately upon his death in October, 1892. It is only incidentally critical, as when Mr. Watson remarks of Tennyson's "honeyed words," that they are "rich with sweets from every muse's hive." Mr. Watson employs various forms for elegiac poems. "Wordsworth's Grave" is written in the measure of Gray's Elegy, "Lachrymae Musarum" is an irregular ode, and "Shelley's Centenary," "In Laleham Churchyard," and "The Tomb of Burns" are in the six-line stanza in which

Wordsworth wrote "At the Grave of Burns," and in which Burns wrote so many of his epistles. Of Matthew Arnold, a follower of ideals not unlike those Mr. Watson now follows, and like him an admirable critical poet, he writes with much sympathy, but with keenness. Mr. Watson judges it best that Arnold sleeps where he was born, at Laleham on Thames, rather than where he spent many vacations, on Rotha above Ambleside.

'Tis fittest thus! for though with skill
He sang of beck and tarn and ghyll,
The deep, authentic mountain thrill
Ne'er shook his page!
Somewhat of worldling lingered still
With bard and sage.

Thus succinctly he puts the accomplishment of Burns:

No mystic torch through Time he bore,
No virgin veil from life he tore;
His soul no bright insignia wore
Of starry birth;
He saw what all men see—no more—
In heaven and earth.

But as, when thunder crashes nigh,
All darkness opes one flaming eye,
And this world leaps against the sky—
So fiery-clear
Did the old truths that we pass by
To him appear.

And "on his lips the eternal themes again were new." These fragments I break out indicate the quality of the criticism, but not its form of development. It begins by placing Burns beside the masters of English poetry, then explains his historical position, then states his dominant accomplishment, following out that accomplishment somewhat carefully, and closing with the prophecy of perennial life for his songs.

These that I have mentioned are the critical elegies. The critiques in fly leaf poems, epistles, and other occasional poems are many. In a poem addressed "To Edward Dowden, on Receiving from Him a Copy of the Life of Shelley," Mr. Watson tells us of his own poetical development from a captive to Shelley's power to a captive to Keats's, to a freeman of Wordsworth's. Here again is true and well-put criticism of

Shelley. Landor Mr. Watson hits off in a line: "The bland Attic skies True mirrored in an English well." An epigram written on Longfellow's death, in 1882, shows Mr. Watson's power of condensed criticism was developed at a comparatively early age. He has written, too, poems in criticism of Coleridge, Lamb, Aubrey De Vere, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Austin Dobson. Besides poems devoted to these above-mentioned poets, he often puts in a line for purposes of comparison or illustration, his opinion of other poets. Milton is referred to as "The starriest voice that e'er on English ears hath rung." Sir Philip Sidney is "the perfect knight,"

The soldier, courtier, bard, in one,
Sidney, that pensive Hester-light,
O'er Chivalry's departed sun.

Keats is represented as

To Grecian gods allied,
Clasping all beauty as his bride.

I have dwelt some time on these critical poems of Mr. Watson because I believe it is of this kind he is absolute master. He has perhaps in lines and passages and short lyrics elsewhere written higher poetry, but in no other form of verse is he so uniformly at high level as here.

Of his own art and of his own accomplishment in it Mr. Watson has written much and written well. As I have said, he himself confesses that, beginning as a disciple of Shelley, he transferred his allegiance to Keats, and that then Wordsworth sang him free. These are not the only poets that have influenced him. I cannot read a page of "The Prince's Quest" without noting several lines at least that are in William Morris's manner. Mr. Lane says that Rossetti denied Mr. Watson's following of Morris, maintaining that he went straight back to Keats. Let the reader compare "The Prince's Quest" and "Love Is Enough" and decide for himself. "Epigrams of Life, Art, and Nature" followed four years after "The Prince's Quest" in 1884, and marked a decided advance upon it. Mr. Watson had used the decasyllabic rhymed couplet in "The Prince's Quest," and in it cast some effective lines; but it had there none of the antithetical quality of the Popean couplet

which it has in those epigrams in which it is used, epigrams consisting of two couplets. In "Wordsworth's Grave," which was written during 1884-87 although not published till 1890, Mr. Watson attained mastery of his craft of verse-making. Since then he has always written with absolute command of his material. His experience of life has inevitably deepened, but there is little evidence of such deepening in his poetry. There is no more magic, no more lyric cry in his poetry written to-day than in that written sixteen years ago, nor would any one expect more; one might expect less magic and cry, but there is no less of either in "The Ode on the Day of Coronation" than in "Wordsworth's Grave;" nor is there a larger accent, which might be looked for. His powers have maintained themselves steadily at a high level from his thirtieth to his forty-sixth year without any sign of aging. His tone is not less serene. It was never tumultuous, for Mr. Watson, pen once in hand, was always middle-aged. In 1892 there was enough demand for his poems to warrant his collecting them, and when Tennyson died Mr. Watson was prominently mentioned for the laureateship. His "Lachrymae Musarum" was published late this year (1892), a poem up to the high level of his earlier work. "The Eloping Angels" of 1893 is possibly a satire, but, whatever it is, inconsequential. Mr. Watson has wisely omitted it from his "Collected Poems" of 1898. He added "Lachrymae Musarum" to his "Poems" in 1893. The "Odes" of 1894 substantiated Mr. Watson's position by adding to the bulk of his work. "The Purple East" of 1895 was included in "The Year of Shame" of 1896. These sonnets increased respect for Mr. Watson as man but not as poet. "The Father of the Forest" of 1895 is a very thin volume, but it is memorable as containing his "Apologia," "The Tomb of Burns," and "Hymn to the Sea." Late in 1897 "The Hope of the World" was published; the title poem, like the title poem of the previous volume, was another attempt of Mr. Watson's to write a long poem bodying forth an important conception, but like it, and like most of his longer poems after "Wordsworth's Grave," it is diffuse and rather wandering. In 1898 came the "Collected Poems," proving Mr.

Watson, on the whole, a good judge of his own abilities; then, with the exception of some few indignant and sorrowful poems on the South African War, silence until 1902, when Mr. Watson published his "Ode on the Day of Coronation," his first long poem since "Wordsworth's Grave" in which he had grip of his subject and architectonic power to shape and hold the whole together. In 1903 he collected these few poems on the Boer War, calling the collection "For England." Fine lines may be found among the lines of any of them; but though these lines may be memorable, the body of the verses are only of the hour.

I have said that it is by their style that Mr. Watson's poems gain the claim they have to distinction. Style almost never deserts him; it distinguishes even those poems of his that verge on society verse and the sermon. He has chosen in style a solid rock on which to rear his castles in the air. Listen how sure he is of his foundations! "There can be no doubt that Style is the greatest antiseptic in literature, the most powerful preservative against decay." . . . "The truth is Style is high breeding." . . . "It does not necessarily imply transcendent beauty. . . . What we do imply when we speak of a horse or a woman or a poem, as having Style, is a certain crowning attitude which we recognize instinctively as the result and sum of various essentially aristocratic qualities which fuse in perfect harmony and rhythm. Serenity—by which I do not for a moment mean languor or apathy, but serenity based upon strength—is one of these qualities. A certain touch of hauteur is perhaps inseparable from Style in its most impressive manifestations. . . . Thus frankly democratic poets like Burns are without Style, properly so called. One of the characteristics of that order of poets is absence of reserve, whereas we have a feeling that Style always holds something back, never quite lets itself go. Probably passion plus self-restraint is the moral basis of the finest Style." Indignation, brevity, simplicity, Mr. Watson says, make for Style; "its very life and soul are its remoteness from the vulgar, the plebeian, its inalienable aristocracy of birth and breeding. . . . I cannot help reverting yet once more to Milton because he best proves the truth that in poetry Style is

the paramount and invincible force. What else is the secret of his supremacy among our poets—a supremacy which no poet can doubt, and no true critic of poetry?" Again I must exclaim, curious statements for a Wordsworthian when the master has lain down the law that the diction of poetry should be chosen from the everyday speech of peasants! Curious statements for the man that has said elsewhere that "cardinal emotions and elementary states of feeling . . . are the primary stuff of lyric poetry," for a man that has written, "There is, perhaps, nothing in literature comparable to the pure elemental lyricism of Burns's finest songs." Curious statements, but reconcilable to these latterly quoted passages, had their author kept clear in mind the old rhetorical distinction between Style and Invention. The humblest subjects may be lifted to remote heights by Style. Mr. Watson has written elsewhere of "a lofty song of lowly weal and dole," and that, plucked by the poet's hand,

The basest weed that grows
Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose.

This Style may or may not be aristocratic. Inevitability, as of nature's magical ways, is more the secret of Style than is aristocracy. No one would say that Wordsworth's "Daffodils" was aristocratic, and yet it is admitted the highest poetry. But Mr. Watson's basic statement that "Style is the greatest antiseptic in literature" is unmistakably just, as are his statements that "cardinal emotions and elementary states of feeling" are "the primary stuff of lyric poetry." Had his poetry in it more of these, it would be greater, and could be greater would he write of these things, rising from them to higher.

But through all life and death and birth,
Earth and the waters 'neath the earth,
Are Song's domain;
Nor aught so lowly but is worth
The loftiest strain, . . .

'Tis from these moods in which Life stands
With feet earth-planted, yet with hands
Stretched toward visionary lands
Where vapours lift

A moment, and aerial strands
Gleam through the rift.

The poet wins, in hours benign,
An older than the Delphic Shrine,
Those intimations faint and fine,
To which belongs
Whatever character divine
Invest his songs.

Like Tennyson, who frankly boasted that Style was his, but as frankly admitted that subjects to write on did not come to him easily, Mr. Watson admits his "muse a fitful presence seldom tarrying long." In "Invention" he hails creation the supreme rapture, but creation is not to him the work of one inspired mood. A careful and unresting workman, he changes his verses if he thinks he can better them. He generally does better them, almost always betters their form, although sometimes in so doing he omits some phrase that drove his meaning home. Fine as the "Ode in May" was when he sent it to the press from Southport, it is finer in the corrected and lengthened version that appeared in "The Hope of the World." He is hardly exact, then, in calling himself a minstrel "who finds, not fashions his numbers."

I have quoted from a number of poems in which Mr. Watson writes of poetry. Some of these are devoted to poetry alone, others mention it only by the way, but almost his every mention of it is felicitous. How high his ideal, how hard his striving to reach it is indicated in those extracts. Art, he says, brings travail and work, but keeps no record of them. Certainly in his verse as he gives it to the world there is no evidence of toil, there is "on the summits repose." No thought of his is ever obscured, although its emphasis may be lessened by a sacrifice to exigencies of verse, his form is always what he would have it; yet he is not content with these perfections. He knows "The Sovereign Poet" has more than these:

The glorious riddle of his rhythmic breath,
His might, his spell, we know not what they be:
We only feel, whate'er he uttereth,
This savours not of death,
This hath a relish of eternity.

It is in single lines and short passages of Mr. Watson's that I note "a relish of eternity." Like Pope, to whom he owes much, and from whose poems he has culled a list of fine lines that must surprise an age that holds "disease and death's irreparable doom" to be Pope's sole contribution to poetry, Mr. Watson is most memorable in single lines and brief passages. Some of them are of rhetorical, others of poetical excellence; and these quotations must substantiate, I think, my feeling that by temperament, if not by training, Mr. Watson is nearer to the eighteenth century writers than any of our contemporary poets. Such lines as these seem to me better proof of this kinship than his preference for the decasyllabic couplet: "They see not clearliest who see all things clear;" "Powerless potentates and foolish sages Impede the slow steps of the pompous ages;" "The sense of greatness keeps a nation great;" "The dullness of entire felicity;" "A devil of exceeding rich resource;" "His trick of doing nothing with an air;" "Came over with the Conqueror type of mind." These, it seems to me, are mainly rhetorical in their appeal. Those that follow mainly poetical: "Magnificent out of the dust we came; And abject from the Spheres," "Fiercely sweet as stormy springs, Mighty hopes are blowing wide." "Youth irrepressibly fair wakes like a wondering rose;" "The high imperial Past is dead;" "And ever more the deepest words of God Are yet the easiest to understand;" "A lofty song of lowly weal and dole." Most of these lines are taken from his decasyllabic rhymed couplets; but others are from his blank verse, sonnets, elegiacs, and the various lyric forms in which he writes.

I have spoken of the clarity of his verse, its stateliness, its compressedness, its sonorousness, its infrequent magic, its infrequent inbreathings of romance. It has harmony too, less often melody. There are seldom passages that make me pause and say, "What this means I don't know and don't care, for it is beautiful;" but here is one not very nearly applicable, yet beautiful:

The South shall bless, the East shall blight,
The red rose of the Dawn shall blow;
The million-lilied stream of Night
Wide in ethereal meadows flow.

Mr. Watson, for all his imitativeness, seldom attempts to capture the highest notes of English poetry. Yet he captures high notes from many masters. He can borrow from the Poe he depreciates

In his immemorial fastnesses
At night's aboriginal core—

and he speaks with Tennyson's accents when he writes of "Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit." Once, too, he has reflected the light that glitters through

Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn—

warming it, as he imprisons it in words, with radiance caught from Wordsworth's clear morning glow. He is writing of Keats when he attains to

Magic as of morn,
Bursting forever newly born
On forests old,
Waking a hoary world forlorn
With touch of gold.

Many more of his memorable passages are, like these, virtual paraphrases of great sayings familiar to us in the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson, and Arnold. His work presents somewhat the same phenomenon as that of the Miltonic school of the eighteenth century, that used Milton's diction on subjects approved by Pope. Pope's greatest line reappears in Mr. Watson in "The irremediable day and final doom;" "a divine discontent" becomes "a large and liberal discontent," and echoes all are these: "Mighty from Milton's pen and Cromwell's sword," "Not to bring peace Mine errand, but a sword," "For waters have connived at our designs, And winds have plotted with us," "There is, O grave, thy hourly victory, And there, O death, thy sting." Like the eighteenth century poets, he is again in his habit of calling a river "a wave," the Mediterranean "the southern foam;" in his predilection to critical and occasional and didactic verse, in his usual repression of exultant passion, in his narrow range of vision.

It is here that his limitations are most manifest. It is not

that, as Wordsworth accused the eighteenth century, Mr. Watson does not write with eye on the object—you feel he sees it; but that he does not receive an individual impression from it, that he takes impressions of some one that saw and noted it before, that perhaps his reflection upon it is his own, but that oftenest his opinion too is the opinion of some other. He may go alone with his Muse by the sea or among the mountains, but the memory of what sea and mountains have said to others deafens his ears. She may be, as he says, "hill-cradled and baptized with brine;" but the hill winds have not reached her heart, they cannot even flutter the stiff brocades with which she is robed, in which she moves with inviolate patrician grace; in her heart is no tumult of the sea, though its majesty is still a rumor there. Yet she has kept her vow, as Mr. Watson proudly boasts, "that she would dwell with greatest things," and if she has not really known "the mountain spell," "the sky enchantment," there are other "greatest things" than these.

Of great poets often, of "the high imperial past" of England less often, of nature and of dream-laden romance now and then, Mr. Watson has written with style but short of great. And to do these things is no little thing.

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MAURICE MAETERLINCK AS A DRAMATIC ARTIST.

MODERN drama, socialistic, reactionary, and revolutionary, ever since Nora Helmer left her home in quest of the truth, is to-day in a stage of rapid evolution. Freytag wrote his classic on the technic of the drama before Henrik Ibsen had written his great social dramas of modern life, which now invite the attention of all his contemporaries. Hauptmann, Sudermann, and Maeterlinck had not written a single one of their distinctive, new-century dramas; they were either babes or unborn.

I.

The questions of æsthetics aroused by these daring thinkers and artists are now daily discussed; but Freytag's successor has not yet appeared to justify to the artistic and, it may be said, to the scientific conscience the most modern forms of tragic art. How shall we classify what Edmund Gosse calls Ibsen's exclusive invention, "the drama of catastrophe"? Is grandeur of soul a necessary quality of the tragic hero? If this be granted, how shall we justify the innovation of such unideal protagonists as the moral pervert, Hedda Gabler, in the play of that name, the degraded teamster who gives the title to "Fuhrmann Henschel," or the struggling and starving peasants in "Die Weber"? Are we to treat them cavalierly, as Hapgood does, when he declares that it is a fundamental law of the drama to place ideal characters in ideal situations? If the dramatist neglects that law, he must go—the law remains. Recognizing *la pitié sociale* as the inspiration and the perfecting of civil life as the motive of the Ibsenian drama, shall we still accept the Aristotelian doctrine of pity and fear as the basis of the tragic emotions? Does the choice lie between the pessimistic, half-cynical theory of M. Faguet and the optimistic, human view of Herr Volkelt? Shall we depreciate the humanitarian drama, the drama with a purpose, just because it

has an obvious moral, or shall we agree with Goethe, *le plus grand des critiques modernes et de tous les temps*, in his remark that he did not object to a dramatic poet having a moral influence in view, provided he gave his subject effective and artistic treatment?

Maurice Maeterlinck said not long ago: "The poet who could find to-day, in material science, the unknown that surrounds us, or, in his own heart, the equivalent for ancient fatality—a force that is of equally resistless predestination, a force as universally admitted—would infallibly produce a masterpiece." He believes, however, that this supposition is none too likely to be realized, although he does not refer to Ibsen and Hauptmann in their masterly attempts at the realization of this hope. In the "Ghosts" of Ibsen, the "Vor Sonnenaufgang" of Hauptmann, the "Les Avariés" of Brieux, the "Atonement" of Potapenko, and in other recent dramas, heredity has taken on a guise and assumed proportions almost as menacing as those of the Greek Nemesis. The persistent recurrence of such dramas suggests the natural query: To what extent is the dramatist warranted in treating the biological theory of heredity as fixed and unalterable law?

These and many other delicate and complex questions, raised by the modern dramatist as an interpreter of life, will ultimately have to be answered by the dramatic critic and by the dramatic public. These problems are too near to us, perhaps, for the dramatic critic of to-day to give us the just and definitive solution, yet it is a matter of regret that Mr. Matthews, in his "Development of the Drama," did not seek to throw any light upon these vexed questions, the settlement of which so vitally concerns the evolution of dramatic art.

Ibsen can scarcely be called popular on the stage, although he is regarded as the greatest living dramatist; nor can Hauptmann and Sudermann be said to have reached a wide public outside of their own country. So strange, so unquiet, often so incomprehensible are Maeterlinck's plays that it seems not unreasonable to suppose that they will never touch the masses. Those of his plays—by no means all—which have been staged have not always met with unquestioned success. In a sense,

then, the dramatic public may be said to have already registered its verdict. Still there are few students of the modern drama, it is claimed, who can truthfully deny that the reputation of Ibsen, of Sudermann, of Hauptmann, and of Maeterlinck is steadily waxing rather than waning with the passage of time. With the growing enlightenment and education of the dramatic public in the school of the naturalistic and symbolic drama, these dramatists are slowly but inevitably gaining greater and more universal appreciation.

Maurice Maeterlinck, a dramatic artist of unusual, perhaps it would not be exaggeration to say phenomenal talent, has suffered unmercifully at the hands of his critics. And only too often he has suffered from the false standards of comparison by which he has been measured. He is judged too often not by his possible failure to attain the ideal he has set for himself but by his failure to attain the ideal set by some one else. He has been called everything that he is not, everything that he does not aspire to be, from degenerate to Shakespeare. He is maligned for presenting too much action in "*La Princesse Maleine*"; he is held up to ridicule for presenting none at all in "*L'Intruse*." He is looked upon by many as the Apostle of the New Decadentism; yet it was the late Richard Hovey, I believe, who called him "the greatest living poet of love, if not the greatest poet of love that ever lived." He is even commiserated for not being "Dickensy," for not infusing into such a mystic and symbolic poem as "*Les Sept Princesses*" the robust humor of Martin Chuzzlewit!

When we test M. Maeterlinck's dramas by the clearly formulated laws of dramatic art, as expounded by the leading dramatic critics, we are forced at once to the admission that his dramas do not comply with these laws. Take, for instance, one most important law of the drama, as recently stated by M. Ferdinand Brunetière. In his statement the drama is differentiated from the other forms of literature, in that it must always deal with some exertion of the human will. To interest us, he claims, a drama must present a struggle, its chief character must desire something with all the forces of his being. We look in vain for such a quality in a number of M.

Maeterlinck's so-called dramas. The morbid obsession and terrified imaginings of a child in the dark, the mystic and ineffable beauty of seven sleeping princesses in a barren castle beside the sobbing sea, the invisible, disquieting, terrifying image of death stealing in, during the lonely watches of the night, upon a family gathered together near the bedside of a loved one—in these dusky and shadowy pictures of hallucination, terror, and mystic suggestion is found no figure of determined will, striding with dominant step across the stage, resolute in seeking his own ends. The law as formulated by M. Brunetière is not fulfilled in these no-plot dramas.

II.

If M. Maeterlinck's plays, certainly a number of them, do not fulfill the conditions of the drama, as enunciated by dramatic critics, yet they resemble so strikingly certain other art forms as to deserve consideration in that respect. Mr. Brander Matthews's definition of the Short-story, a genuine contribution to the criticism of fictional forms, and M. Anatole France's celebrated definition of criticism seem to fit certain of Maeterlinck's plays as though the generalizations had been made from them.

Mr. Matthews shows much critical acumen in his discussion of the philosophy of the Short-story. After making clever and well-founded distinctions between the Novel and the Novelette, the Novel and the Short-story, and the Short-story and the story which is merely short, he gives a clear-cut definition of the Short-story, upon which he justly plumes himself. His contention is that the Short-story must always convey essential unity of impression, or, as Poe phrased it, a totality of effect. From many examples of the Short-story, which are considered the finest types of that form, Mr. Matthews reaches the conclusion that no one has ever succeeded as a writer of Short-stories who has not ingenuity, originality, and compression, and that most of those who have succeeded in this line had also the touch of fantasy.

Take M. Maeterlinck's "*L'Intruse*," for instance, and consider it in the light of Mr. Matthews's definition of the Short-

story. A wonderfully convincing study in hallucination, this play is the most striking, awe-compelling, and, withal, the most original of all of the no-plot dramas of M. Maeterlinck.

The grandfather, blind and helpless, is seated in his arm-chair, with his three granddaughters around him. The old man's beloved daughter has given birth to a child, and lies ill in the inner chamber. The atmosphere is pregnant with catastrophe, the senses are chilled by the intimation of impending misfortune. Overbrooded by anticipant foreboding, the grandfather feels the approach of death. His senses, subtle and acute beyond their wont, from his blindness perhaps, give him unmistakable warning. The gradual approach of some unseen being, the fright of the swans, the hush of nature, the sharpening of the scythe, the opening of the house door, the footsteps on the stair, the fitful gleams and sudden extinguishment of the lamp—the significance of all these signs and portents is divined by the blind old grandfather alone. When finally some one is heard to rise in the pitchy blackness of the sitting room, the old man shudders with peculiar horror. The door of the inner chamber is opened, and a Sister of Charity announces by a sign that his daughter is dead. The Intruder has at last gained admittance.

This little play, which the late Richard Hovey declared left an ineffaceable impression upon him the only time he ever saw it presented, carries the stamp of that unity of impression, that totality of effect which is an essential characteristic of the Short-story. It is scarcely necessary to comment upon the ingenuity and originality displayed in the entire conception. The art which well-nigh makes the impalpable invade the realm of the tangible, the supernatural to place one foot over the border line of the natural, is exhibited here in an advanced state of perfection. The touch of fantasy lurks in every line, every feature of the play. In "L'Intruse" as a psychologic concept, a deep and penetrating insight into subjective states of mind, in direct correspondence with movements in the supernatural world, is revealed with bizarre and subtle artistry. It is not so much that M. Maeterlinck has created a new shiver, as Victor Hugo said of Baudelaire, but that he has evoked a

shiver in a novel and startling way. As a finished study in hallucination, "L'Intruse" is a radical departure from the drama of material action—it is a dramatized Short-story of psychic suggestion.

"L'Intruse" was chosen as an illustration of the dramatized Short-story because it excels all the other no-plot dramas of M. Maeterlinck in power and inevitableness. Perhaps "Les Aveugles," because of the quiescence and paralyzed initiative of the groping blind men, and because, too, its conclusion is not "short, sharp, and shocking," comes nearer being a Sketch cast in dramatic form than a dramatized Short-story; but certainly "Les Sept Princesses" and "Interieur" are examples of the latter form, as clearly as is "L'Intruse." The artistic kinship of Maeterlinck with De Maupassant, Baudelaire, and Poe becomes all the more patent when we recognize M. Maeterlinck's no-plot dramas not only as occult studies in hallucination but as dramatized versions of the perfected art-form of these masters of the Short-story.

Besides these no-plot dramas of M. Maeterlinck, there are certain others, marked by a clear thread of plot, more or less definite characterization, and somewhat vague motivation, which are very interesting as illustrations and exemplifications of M. Anatole France's ideas on criticism. Self-revelation and self-expression, in the opinion of that refined and polished *prosateur*, is the basic quality of criticism, and in his celebrated article on the subject he defined criticism as "The adventures of a soul among masterpieces." In further amplification of this idea he added: "In order to be frank, the critic ought to say, Gentlemen, I am about to speak of myself, *à propos* of Shakespeare or Racine or Pascal or Goethe—by no means a bad opportunity."

Several of M. Maeterlinck's dramas—notably two, "La Princesse Maleine" and "Pelléas et Mélisande"—might not inappropriately be described as the adventures of M. Maeterlinck's personality among masterpieces. If Prof. William L. Phelps's charge of M. Maeterlinck's indebtedness to Browning's "Luria"¹ for much of the plot and some of the leading charac-

¹ Since this article was written, Professor Phelps has received a reply to

ters in "Monna Vanna" be sustained, then "La Princesse Maleine," "Pelléas et Mélisande," and "Monna Vanna" may all be classed together as interpretations and modifications by a new-century mystic of dramatic characters formerly interpreted by other great poets.

When Max Nordau contemptuously characterized "La Princesse Maleine" as a sort of cento out of Shakespeare, a "Shakespeare anthology for children and Patagonians," he was giving expression to the same idea from an obverse point of view that prompted the brilliant author of "Les Affaires sont Les Affaires" to dub Maurice Maeterlinck the "Belgian Shakespeare." One is inclined rather to agree with Zangwill in his remark that, if Maeterlinck be not the "Belgian Shakespeare," certainly he may, with truth, be called a Shakespearean Belgian. No sympathetic student of Shakespeare can fail to recognize the Hamlet of irresolution and pale cast of thought in Hjalmar, a composite of Juliet and Ophelia in Maleine, the nurse of "Romeo and Juliet" in the nurse of Maeterlinck's anthological play, the frenzied Lear in the old King, and Lady Macbeth in Queen Anne. Disguised in some measure by the vague and impressionist touches of the mystic's brush, the resemblance is not to be concealed, the lineaments are virtually the same. The presentment, though counterfeit, is none the less a presentment. A liberal interpretation of M. Maeterlinck's remark that he tries to write Shakespeare for a theater of marionettes would credit M. Maeterlinck with a redistribution of values in Shakespeare's themes and personages, demanded by the newer psychology and the newer mysticism.

That passage in the fifth canto of Dante's "Inferno," which

the letter he wrote to the Belgian dramatist to clear the matter up. In that letter M. Maeterlinck says: "You are entirely right; between an episodic scene of my second act—that in which Prinzivalle unmasks Trivulzio—and one of the great scenes of 'Luria' there exists a similarity which I am astonished was not pointed out earlier. I am the more astonished because, far from concealing this similarity, I took pains myself to indicate it by using exactly the same hostile towns, the same epoch, and almost the same persons—although it would have been quite easy to transpose the whole and render the borrowing unrecognizable, if my intention had been to dissimulate."

has been called the most beautiful in all poetry of the pity and the tragedy of love, furnished to M. Maeterlinck the story of his drama of "Pélléas et Mélisande." He did not, as did Mr. Phillips, Mr. Crawford, and Signor D'Annunzio, write explicitly on the Da Rimini theme. He veiled the source of his drama in the unindicative title of "Pélléas et Mélisande." The scene is laid in some nameless country, and the story is projected into a gloomy setting of old forgotten castles. Nevertheless, in all its spiritual as well as material aspects, the story is well-nigh identical with that of the two who go forever on the accursèd air. It is as close to the recorded data of the story as the other plays based explicitly on the story of Rimini, with the single exception of the play of Crawford. Paolo and Francesco are prototypes of Pélléas and Mélisande, Gianciotto of Golaud, and Concordia, Gianciotto's daughter, of Yniold, the little son of Golaud. The rôle of unconscious informer is played by the child of the unloved husband, by Concordia in Crawford's, by Yniold in Maeterlinck's play.

"Monna Vanna" certainly bears a striking resemblance to Browning's "Luria" in its substructure and some of its details. The betrayer and the betrayed, the mercenary and the patriot, play almost identical parts in the two plays. Indeed, it would seem very probable, after a careful study of both dramas, that Maeterlinck is indebted to Browning for some of the facts and motives, as well as the locality, era, and basal structure of the earlier part of "Monna Vanna." It must be emphasized, however, in justice to M. Maeterlinck that the intent and tendency of "Monna Vanna," with its predominant love-motive, has no point of contact here with "Luria," which does not touch upon the desire of man for woman.

"La Princesse Maleine," "Pélléas et Mélisande," and "Monna Vanna" all evidence how carefully and sympathetically M. Maeterlinck has read his Shakespeare, his Dante, and his Browning. And in every case his adaptation, modification, or amplification of the facts, material or spiritual, and his representation of the characters he has chosen to reincarnate, reveal an individuality, a distinctive habit of mind, and an originality of depiction which mark an exceptional and unusual talent.

The three plays, with their haunting beauty, dreamy sentiment, and gentle melancholy, suffused, too, with a sort of lunar brilliance, are the personal impressions M. Maeterlinck has given us of his adventures among the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Dante, and Browning.

III.

As a dramatic artist, M. Maeterlinck's history is both interesting and unique. Out of the fullness of his first artistic impulse he wrote a number of plays, freighted with symbolism, and surcharged with thoughts of almost superhuman implication. Then he took up his own plays, as any critic might have done, and drew from them certain conclusions concerning a new theory of dramatic art, out of which he formulated his conception of a "static theater"—an analytic method reminding one strongly of Poe's dissection of his poem "The Raven," in his celebrated essay, "The Philosophy of Composition." Maeterlinck's subsequent study, and the deeper insight into certain principles he thus acquired, led him to reject the philosophy of his earlier plays. In a striking article in the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "The Evolution of Mystery," he analyzes the philosophy of his own little dramas, and is led to the conclusion that the conception of life there revealed is not healthy; that it is "one of those profound but sterile truths which the poet may salute as he passes on his way," but with which he should not abide.

His greatest drama, "Monna Vanna," was first produced at Paris in June, 1902, subsequently played to enthusiastic audiences in Belgium and Austria, with Mme. Maeterlinck in the title rôle, forbidden production in England by the dramatic censor, and presented for the first time in America at the Irving Place Theater, on December 17 last. The great poetic beauty and structural symmetry of this play mark it as Maeterlinck's supreme dramatic achievement. The characters are natural rather than supernatural, human rather than superhuman, and the action is rapid, stirring, and animated. Maeterlinck here shows the final evolution of his dramatic instinct and talent into the human drama of action, motive, and responsibility to be in perfect consonance with the principles of dra-

matic art as propounded by the greatest critics and philosophers.

Maeterlinck's new romantic-symbolical drama, "Joyzelle," is more in the key of his earlier productions than in that of "Monna Vanna." This most recent drama of M. Maeterlinck, produced at the *Gymnase* in Paris in June, 1903, is intermediate in tendency and artistic purpose between his earlier dramas and the realistic "Monna Vanna." In the words of M. Maeterlinck: "It represents the triumph of will and love over destiny or fatality, as against the converse lesson of 'Monna Vanna.' " In this drama Maeterlinck's distinctively symbolic method finds the same full play as in "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Les Sept Princesses," and "La Princesse Maleine," yet does not lose itself, as in those plays, in vague obscurity and paradoxical profundity. The success it met with in Paris at the hands of a brilliant company of authors, literators, and critics, was ample testimony to its imaginative and poetic beauty.

Ibsen has deeply influenced his contemporaries, drama can never be just the same again, as Bernard Shaw said, since Ibsen has written, but his message has been delivered. Hauptmann, at one time giving almost certain promise of carrying on the work of Ibsen, has turned from modern life in his effort to evoke the shade of "Poor Henry." Sudermann, whose "Heimat" and more recent "Es Lebe das Leben" are perhaps the most signal examples of his ability to portray modern social conditions and social evils, has recently disappointed the world by his reactionary and enigmatical drama of past politics, "Der Sturmgeselle Socrates." It is to be hoped that, for M. Maeterlinck, "Joyzelle," poetically beautiful as it undoubtedly is, may prove to be only a temporary reversion to type. Now that M. Maeterlinck has shown us such a rare flower of his exotic talent as "Monna Vanna," the world awaits with eagerness the free and full efflorescence of his genius. May he give to us that new theater of which he has spoken so eloquently and so beautifully—"a theater of peace and happiness, and of beauty without tears!"

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THE PLAYS OF BERNARD SHAW.

MANY lovers of dramatic literature, and especially those of a more serious turn of mind, may question the worthiness of giving any extended consideration to the plays and dramatic theories of that innovator, George Bernard Shaw. Judging from the numerous cartoons and sarcasms that have appeared from time to time in the reviews at the expense of Mr. Shaw, it may be safe to venture that he will never be taken seriously. The best and, indeed, most satisfying reason for this arises from the non-serious disposition of the man himself. His method defeats his purpose, if he really has a well-defined purpose.

It is a fact that many students of serious literature have neither heard of nor read the works of Mr. Shaw. As much as he craves for notoriety, he is, after all, a comparative non-entity. This may be due to the fact that his plays are not important enough for purposes of study. And, further, that so many students neglect reading the prefaces, in which the *real* show is striking out at all sides and corners. We are not in the habit of reading prefaces to plays. The play itself is the thing, and the preface is an absolutely unnecessary adjunct. From this point of view Mr. Shaw fully deserves his nonrecognition.

The case with Mr. Shaw is not so very sad after all. He has been awarded a place in that scholarly journal, *Englische Studien*. Certainly a writer must possess some importance, from the German standpoint, to be so considered. In a recent number of this journal, Dr. Max Meyerfeld criticises at length and in a very conclusive manner the works of Mr. Shaw. It may be, perhaps, needless to add that the critic tears our dramatist apart and calls him a "quacksalber." Do not allow this to prejudice you. Our purpose in citing this review is merely to seek some justification for devoting a little time and space to a consideration of Bernard Shaw and his plays.

It is wise to read the plays of Mr. Shaw with an open mind.

In the *Critic* for October, 1903, Mr. William Archer remarks: "Mr. Shaw's typewriter is the pom-pom of the literary battlefield. It is not a weapon of great range or caliber; but for making people sit up it has no equal." Mr. Shaw does certainly stimulate you with his ideas and point of view on social questions and extravagances of the time. If you can overcome, for a brief period, your prejudice against the drama of to-day, and cease contrasting it too minutely with masterpieces of past times, genuine enjoyment awaits you in the reading of his plays.

George Bernard Shaw is of Irish extraction. He was born in Dublin on July 26, 1856. He went to London when twenty years of age, and began his career by writing novels, the most notable among them being "Caskel Byron's Profession." Later he passed into his critical period, combining socialist agitation with criticism of the fine arts, using the Fabian Society and the *Saturday Review* as means for the divulgence of his theories. Following upon this came the Ibsen craze, which led to the establishment of an independent theater in London, for which Shaw wrote plays. His life so far has thus been successively spent as a political reformer, novelist, art critic, musical critic, dramatic critic, and, as he facetiously remarks, as "vestryman." His best works are "Quintessence of Ibsenism," 1891; "The Perfect Wagnerite," 1898; "Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant," 1898; "Three Plays for Puritans," 1900; "The Admirable Bashville," 1901; and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," 1902.

Mr. Shaw has no taste for what is called popular art, no belief in popular morality, no belief in popular religion, no admiration for popular heroics. He is a socialist—intolerant of fashionable life—yet "neither a skeptic nor a cynic in these matters, but simply understanding life differently from the average respectable man."

One of the dominant influences upon our present day literature is undoubtedly the influence of sociology—"the enthusiasm for social truths as an instrument of social reform." Mr. Shaw is laboring under this kind of influence. His creed is: "To life, the force behind the man, intellect is a necessity, be-

cause without it he blunders unto death." He complains of the lack of this so-called "life-force;" he has a grievance against the marriage law; he discusses knowingly the natural antipathy between blood relations. In short, Mr. Shaw has a passion for reforming the world. He possesses something of the spirit of Shelley in this. He discusses at length the hopelessness of an ideal world; but sets out bravely to institute a series of reforms, mainly by means of that dreadful weapon, satire.

The question naturally arises, Does Mr. Shaw regard his dramas as important works in themselves in the art of imaginative literature? or does he consider them merely as fragments in his broad and general scheme of reform? If you will agree that every character in the dramas is only Shaw himself speaking (and it would be rather hard to disagree on this point), then the latter question is to be answered affirmatively. Mr. Shaw is a socialist: his dramas are a pleasant means to the attainment of the end in view.

Mr. Shaw's theories are to be sought especially in the prefaces to his plays. In the first place it is very wise to make excuses for doing anything, unless you are already understood. Mr. Shaw tells us that "the reason most dramatists do not publish their plays with prefaces is that they cannot write them. I write prefaces as Dryden did, and treatises as Wagner did, because I can."¹

In these prefaces Mr. Shaw discusses various questions apropos of the modern drama: of the sophisticated tastes of the masses of playgoers, of the censorship, and of the themes of his plays. Whether the prefaces are really necessary or not for a clearer understanding of the plays is hardly a question worthy of consideration. And still Mr. Shaw considers the preface a main feature of his books. He remarks in the preface to "Three Plays for Puritans" (p. xxii): "I would give half a dozen of Shakespeare's plays for one of the prefaces he ought to have written."

We have, however, much to be thankful for in these prefaces. They do away with the probable founding of a Shaw

¹Preface to "Three Plays for Puritans," xxii.

Society. Dr. Meyerfeld considers them indeed superfluous, and adds that Robert Browning had certainly more reason for explaining his enigmatic poems. To diverge a moment, it is amusing to quote in German what Browning is said to have answered a querist, apropos of one of his poems: "Als ich das Gedicht schrieb, wussten nur zwei Leute, was es bedeuten sollte, Gott und Robert Browning. Jetzt weiss Gott allein."

Apart from the essay character of the prefaces upon the drama in general two features of Mr. Shaw's plays are explained. The first, and less important, is a matter of typography. Mr. Shaw never uses italics for emphasis; he resorts instead to spacing the letters of a word; he uses a succession of exclamation and question marks to emphasize a line. Examples of three question marks are easily found, indicating what must have been a strain on the actor. Mr. Shaw also endeavored in some of his earlier work to do away with the use of the apostrophe and the hyphen. So, instead of writing "don't," "won't," "he'll" with the apostrophe, he simply left it out and joined the letters. The folly of this innovation became apparent at once when he omitted the apostrophe in "he'll," for instance.

Of greater importance is Mr. Shaw's justification for his use of elaborate and literary stage directions. They are mostly too long to quote entire, but note this one: "Roebuck Ramsden is in his study opening the morning's letters. The study, handsomely and solidly furnished, proclaims the man of means. Not a speck of dust is visible; it is clear that there are at least two housemaids and a parlormaid downstairs, and a housekeeper upstairs, who does not let them spare elbow grease. Even the top of Roebuck's head is polished; on a sunshiny day he could heliograph his orders to distant camps by merely nodding. In no other respects, however, does he suggest the military man."

Here is the justification for these prefaces ("Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant." Vol. I., Preface, p. xxvi): "Any one reading the mere dialogue of an Elizabethan play understands all but half a dozen unimportant lines of it without difficulty, whilst many modern plays, highly successful on the stage,

are not merely unreadable but positively unintelligible without the stage business. . . . It is not a whit less impossible to make a modern, practical stage play intelligible to a reader by dialogue alone than to make a pantomime intelligible without it."

For unimaginative persons such stage directions would be very welcome. But they are after all not stage directions; only Bernard Shaw's play of the imagination and his comments upon the scene before the play proper begins—and so something novel. It is of interest to note Mr. William Butler Yeats's ideas, in this connection, on the modern drama. He believes in few gestures, little stage business, and hardly any scenery.

In considering more closely the dramatic work of Mr. Shaw, one forbears to tear him apart since he affords so much enjoyment. In such a consideration, however, the usual principles of dramatic criticism must be applied. Mr. Shaw somewhere says that the drama is but a play of ideas. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Shaw held this view before he wrote his dramas or afterwards, and then offered it in the nature of a defense. He creates no flesh and blood characters. There is just the skeleton brain which he fills with ideas. And to get in an extra idea he will sacrifice consistency of tone. His characters are all one. In all of his plays the development of the plot, the situations, and the scenes are of main interest—not the characters as such.

In this probably lies the keynote of Mr. Shaw's disposition. He is an idealist. He has not the cunning eye to see people as they really are. If you take the trouble to examine "*Candida*," one of the "*Pleasant Plays*," you will find that the only excuse for the existence of the play is the unnatural weakness and unmanliness of Morell, the husband of *Candida*. The plot is concerned with the two lovers of *Candida*, one her husband, and the other, a weak-minded, silly, mysterious boy of eighteen years, who called himself a poet. The boy has a fancy that he loves *Candida*, and Morell knows he loves his wife, and feels confident that she loves him, yet he allows the

boy to carry on in a very silly manner. This is certainly an impossible play—the flight of an uncontrolled imagination. Apropos of just this characteristic, it is interesting to discover the disposition of Mr. Shaw in the following circumstance:

“Upon the conclusion of the first performance of ‘Arms and the Man’ (at the Avenue Theater), Mr. Shaw was called before the curtain by an audience of enraptured *dilettanti*. At the very moment of the author’s appearance a lone man in the gallery gave utterance to a loud and inimical ‘Boo!’ Mr. Shaw nonchalantly raised his head,

‘And with a look made of all sweet accord’

remarked: ‘I rather agree with you, my friend.’ It was an admirable instance of his impassive coolness under fire, his instantaneity of retort, and his aptitude for saying what he does not mean.” (*Academy*, February 9, 1901.) His failing, the same article intimates, is “the uncontrolled use of great power.”

No one will hesitate to give Mr. Shaw the credit due him. He has a keen intellect, he is an admirable satirist, he is one of those gifted observers who can see through almost anything. But his satire has the effect of destroying his dramas to a degree, because they become but the medium for it, and are not true representations of life. Mr. Shaw possesses, too, a fund of wit and humor. His dialogue is a continual feast. But since he dominates his characters, it little pays him to exercise his unbounded wit, for as Dr. Meyerfeld ingeniously observes, “He too often laughs at himself.” Finally, these dramas display the art of effective construction. There is no division of the acts into set scenes, but the scenes nevertheless suggest and blend into each other with nicety.

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GERMAN-AMERICAN POETRY.

I.

AMONG the many more or less exotic literary phenomena to which our peculiar social conditions have given rise, no other is so interesting or of such intrinsic value as the poetry written by German emigrants in their new homes beyond the sea. From the time when the first German settlers came to Pennsylvania to the present day there has never been a time when men and women of German birth living in the United States have not yielded to this singularly unselfish impulse of song. Singularly unselfish, for they had at the best but little hope of any audience; of visible recompense for their work none at all. They sang, in Goethe's words, as the bird sings to whom his song is its own reward. And from their work it would be possible to form a small anthology of really admirable German verse. But it is only within very recent years that German-American poetry can show work that no longer permits itself to be neglected. I do not speak of the work of such men as Dr. Ernst Henrici, of Baltimore, or Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard. They had established a reputation before, in riper years, they came to America. It is the poetry of two men—Konrad Nies, of St. Louis, and George Sylvester Viereck, of New York—that deserves, or rather demands, the attention and appreciation of those of us who understand the language in which they write. The more so as the fate of the German poet in America is not without elements of pathos. His audience here is of the smallest; the fatherland, with its plethoric literary market, will hardly heed him. Influences of many kinds are against him, and Nies created a phrase of tragic truthfulness when he called German-American poetry "Roses in the Snow."

Of the two poets in question, I shall speak first of George S. Viereck. Nies is the older poet, and in some respects the more accomplished. But Viereck offers the almost unparalleled

literary phenomenon of a poet who has formed himself exclusively in the literary traditions of one language, and yet is compelled, in creative work, to use another. He is therefore the only real German-American poet, and deserves our attention not only on account of the high intrinsic value of his best work but because he offers a significant illustration of the strange possibilities of our American civilization.

All these peculiarities of his fate and fortune—his early removal from the land of his birth, his indebtedness to English poetry, the possibility of his becoming a poet in that language to which so many profound sympathies attract him—all these things Viereck has embodied in an English sonnet which shows that he has a mastery over that language attained by no other German-American poet. This self-interpretative sonnet it will be well to quote:

Beyond the sea a land of heroes lies,
Of faery heaths and rivers, mountains steep
O'ergrown with vine; her memory I shall keep
Most dear, her heritage most dearly prize.
But lo, a lad I left her, and mine eyes
Fell on the sea-girt mistress of the deep,
Where first my boy's heart heard as in a sleep
The choral walls of rhythmic beauty rise.

O lyric England, thee I call mine own,
With lyre and lute and wreath I come to thee,
Thine is the realm of song as of the sea,
And thy mouth's speech is heard from zone to zone,
Turn not in scorn thine ivied brow from me,
Who am a suppliant kneeling at thy throne!

George Sylvester Viereck was born in Munich in 1884. His father is a distinguished German publicist, who has done much since his residence in America to promote cordial relations between the two countries. In Munich young Viereck attended a public school and, after removal to Berlin in 1895, a gymnasium. Late in the year 1897 his father took up his residence definitely in America. He now began to write verse, which was almost from the beginning unusually adequate in regard to perfection of form. It will be seen, then, that Viereck has passed those years of his life which really

count in his artistic development on this side of the Atlantic. He is now a student at the College of the City of New York.

It may seem strange at first sight that one should concern oneself seriously with the life and poetry of a lad who has not yet completed his twentieth year. I do not hesitate to do so, in view of his extraordinary maturity and of the high and strange quality of his best poetic work. With this too his personality is in accord. Something elfish and weird there is about him, an atmosphere like that of some exotic flower. It needs the subtlest sympathy to penetrate to the essential humanity that lies hidden, to recognize the serious and mature artist in this defiant, engaging, and at times irritating boy. A slight affectation of cynicism and of worldly wisdom sits not ungracefully upon him, but one forgets and forgives it easily enough in view of the passionate sincerity of his best poems. For of this one thing there is no doubt. Viereck has lived his poems. He is no callow youth who embodies unutterable nothings in flowing verse. His experience of life is extremely narrow in range, but within certain limits it has been intense.

The only German influence that came to Viereck was that of Heine. But that influence faded soon enough, and the poems written under it do not count. Next came Poe, and for some time the young poet adapted Poe's artistic effects with great delicacy to the needs of the German language. But it was Swinburne who struck the fire from him, and through whose saner work he came in touch with the great traditions of English lyric poetry. Rossetti influenced him slightly, Whitman still more slightly; but profoundly and enduringly the poignant pathos, the plangent tenderness of the singer of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." In a word, then, Viereck is a member of the decadent school of English poetry who, by the strange play of fate, uses the German language.

Let me hasten to add that I use the word decadent in no detracting sense, but merely to indicate a certain literary atmosphere. Catullus was a decadent, and so, in many respects, were Heine and Shelley; and to give to the word a merely opprobrious sense is entirely uncritical. For all that, the limitations of this kind of poetry and its defects, both of which

Viereck shares to the fullest extent, are obvious. The best and greatest poetry deals largely, sanely, and nobly with man and nature and human life. Decadent poetry deals intensely and often with unforgettable charm, but often too with a deplorable lack of sanity and measure, with certain small segments in the great arch of human life, segments which do not face the stars but are in the shadow of the earth. But after all, we are of the earth earthy. Passion has its supreme rights, and to have added a new and striking note to the large chorus of human passion is Viereck's praise and the excuse, if such be needed, for speaking of his poetry.

It is needless to say that Viereck's poems are of unequal value. He is not yet sufficiently austere to himself, and has at times published verse that was quite unremarkable. It is well, then, to concentrate attention upon that limited group of poems in which his originality comes out most clearly, and which illustrate the formal perfection of his work at its best. The English renderings of certain passages which follow are my own.

"Hadrian" is indubitably the first poem to be noted. In it Viereck does homage to the spirit of Greek life and art. The emperor is weary of splendor and of power. One thing can solace him, "love immortalized by art," and hence they bring to him the marble statue of the dead Antinous. All things pass away, but this endures. "Thou," says the emperor,

Thou in the realm of marble and of song
Livest forever.

And the young poet adds an epilogue in honor of universal loveliness:

Whether the star of beauty has arisen
In Greece or Galilee.

It is easily said, but the weight of twenty Hebraic centuries is not to be cast off by a word. The old conflict reappears, embodied with a richness of poetic effect, a subtle harmony of color and sound which no translation can give. Thus in "Confession" the life of the senses has lost its Greek joy and freedom, and has become an evil siren:

I know of an odorous palm forest
Filled with mysterious murmurings,
Where in the glow of the crimson West
A brilliant song bird sobs and sings.
He sings a song that makes mad the soul,
Makes heavy the heart within our breast,
And who this evil song has heard
Forever forfeits peace and rest.

Nor does Viereck stop here. The pendulum swings back through the whole arch. What is in some respects his most impressive poem is essentially a prayer that the scarlet flower of passion be slain. I will not do "Maria Hilf" the injustice of rendering any part of it into English. The heavy lines are like hammer blows; they rise once or twice to a tragic strength and terrible directness of expression which I do not know where to parallel in their own kind.

Ich bin an's Kreuz geschlagen,
An's Kreuz der boesen Lust,
Durch all die boesen Wuensche
In meiner eignen Brust.

Once again Viereck embodied the great conflict in a prayer before a symbol of Christian faith. "Before the Cross" is hardly less powerful and tragic than "Maria Hilf," even though it ends with a note of peace. I translate a single stanza:

O give me of thy body's bread
And of thine awful wine,
That in the grasp of bitter dread
I may not ever pine.
Roses of blood I bring to thee,
My heart it craves for grace,
O Jesus of Gethsemane,
Turn not from me thy face!"

But there is no salvation. The strange mystery of passion, symbolized in a dumb idol which stands in a gray temple in a dim far land, shall remain. The idol is without mercy. Kings in the splendor of their purple, priests in the robes of holy offices—all are pilgrims to that shrine and its idol.

Thus shall it stand for evermore
Until the fateful trumpet's call,
And all the lands and oceans o'er,
The twilight of the idols fall.

In all these poems Viereck universalizes the facts of his own experience, and thus they acquire a significance somewhat greater than that of the poems in which he is more narrowly himself. He has few poems on the triumph of love, unless it be "*Liebesnacht*," a powerful study in elemental passion. His poetic imagination is essentially somber, and in hardly any other poem does he strike so gentle a note as in the tender regret of "*Die Rote Blume*." This poem is interesting, furthermore, for the admirable technical skill with which it makes the somewhat unbending German flow in a liquid meter. But it is especially adapted to English translation, and I may therefore give two stanzas of it:

It was in the days, in the days of the roses,
When under thy kisses my sorrow was sped,
Now autumn blossoms the field incloses,
And autumn blossoms enwreath our head—
And love, and rejoicing and May are dead,
And the world is windy and waste, and wide,
The days of the roses have long since fled,
And the scarlet flower of love has died.

We two of the honey of love have eaten,
Have drunk deep draughts of the gold sunshine,
But the key of the grove we were wont to meet in,
Where bloomed that flower as red as wine,
Is lost in some magical land divine—
No refuge our love has, no place to abide,
In our grove dwells the Autumn, 'mid woodland and vine—
And the scarlet flower of love has died.

"*When Idols Fall*," in which Viereck returns to his note of tragic regret, cannot be disfigured by translation. Certain it is that no other poet of his years has ever expressed with such passionate sincerity one of the deepest and most frequent tragedies of human life. The idols of our hearts fall into the dust; the halo with which our love crowned them fades into the light of common day, and yet love cannot die. It is the old cry of Catullus:

Nunc te cognovi: quare etsi impensius uror,
Multo mi tamen es vilior et levior.

But in Viereck's poem the cry deepens. It is an arraignment at the bar of love and a condemnation, no less beautiful than

tragic. "Das Laecheln der Sphinx" is a sustained exercise of subtle fancy, full of a weird transfiguration of common things; and in "Prinz Carneval" a sad and serious thought gives weight to the swift movement of bacchic verse.

In his most recent poems, Viereck returns to the fruitful practice of using his own experience as a mere symbol for the universal experience of mankind. Of these poems the most remarkable and sustained is "Aiogyne," the eternal woman. The lover and his mistress are alone, and he speaks:

We are alone, are quite alone
Under the heavy canopy,
Only the crimson light far-thrown
From the dim lamp gleams fitfully.
Now passion's rites have all been paid,
Lean back in silence, gently, thus—
Until my dreaming eye has strayed
O'er your white beauty luminous.

And as he gazes upon her mysterious beauty she becomes to him in that weird mood the eternal woman, good and evil, though oftener evil than good. It was she who, penitent, dried the Lord's feet with her fragrant hair, but it was also she of whose monstrous sins the world rings.

Es tobt wilde Liebesgier
Heiss unter deines Busens Schnee
Du nahmst beim Horn den weissen Stier,
Denkst du noch dran—Pasiphaë?

She was Herodias and Messaline, but the eternal years have left her body faultless in beauty and her mystery unsolved.

What nameless lust, what stranger woes,
Once moved thee I will not recall—
Thy everlasting beauty glows
More argent than the first snowfall.
Lean back in all thy loveliness,
Mine eyes would on thy beauty feed—
A fool who would thy secret guess,
And who has guessed it, poor, indeed.

This poem is especially remarkable for the concrete historical imagination displayed in it, for the stately simplicity of its form, and for that which is at all times a distinguishing characteristic of Viereck's poetry—rich and sonorous vowel-music.

Viereck's technique is at all times admirable. Nothing

could be better than the effects of tragic solemnity which he extracts from the simplest of German lyric meters, or his adaptation of difficult and involved English forms. But in truth, young as he is, he has devoted himself to his art with great sincerity and mature singleness of purpose.¹ Art is to him the great liberator from the trammels of material life, and in his imagination it is art that gives a soul to the world's history. I may translate a single stanza from his dithyrambic poem, "Die Kunst:"

Upon the scene a sightless singer stands
Who Ilion sings—
From Hellas and the Latian shore
The sacred echo rings.
In crimson splendor bursts the flame immortal, high and higher,
For Sappho sings on Lesbos' strand, Catullus strikes his lyre.
But from the depth of the ages
Song does not rise alone,
Before mine eyes a vision
Blooms, of the Parthenon.
Visions of deathless marble
Formed by the hand of man;
I see the argent limbs that were
Beloved of Hadrian.

The defects of Viereck's poetry I have already indicated in speaking of the school to which he belongs. The best poetry cannot be written without a far profounder realization of the beauty and terror, the splendor and solemnity, of the external world; without a keener consciousness of those great issues of human life and destiny which transcend even love. But within his own limits Viereck is a true poet. He has originality, he has power, he has imagination, and his extreme youth gives his talents large possibilities of development. Deservedly, he is the first of the German-American poets of whom a larger audience should take cognizance.

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¹Not the least service that he has rendered it is his excellent translation of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," extracts from which will appear in *Die Jugend*.

THE AMERICAN PRIMACY.

THE present appears to be a good time to reconsider some of the older statements of international law. Our intervention in Cuba, the Panama question, and the problems of national duty, which are likely soon to arise in San Domingo and other States now protected by the Monroe Doctrine, must lead all thoughtful persons to examine with care the legal basis of action heretofore taken or likely to be hereafter proposed. If we think of international law as a system of rules, we must admit that most of it is not really law, and that many of those rules, like social usages, are only the exposition of the customs of civilized nations in their mutual intercourse. We cannot conceive of any such law as unchangeable, and, as there is no international legislature with power to bind States which do not submit to its jurisdiction, the law must change as custom changes. If, then, we find in the text-books a rule stated, while an examination of history shows us a uniform violation of that rule, under certain clearly definable circumstances, by the important States in the Society of Nations, we must admit that an exception to the former rule has arisen and has itself become a rule, equally binding with that to which it is an exception.

Now, it was fundamental in the Grotian conception that all independent States were equal before the law; not, of course, equal in power or influence, but in legal rights. This principle is still universally admitted. It is applicable over a broad field of action. So far as ceremonials marking respect to the flag, immunities of diplomatic ministers, consuls, peaceful travelers, and shipping, are concerned, all States are indeed equal. Each has also an equal right to claim that its limits, whether on land or water, shall not be violated by either of the parties to a war in which it is neutral. In these and in some other respects all States are equal.

If we think, however, of the States upon a continent as

forming a society, as they surely do for some purposes, that society must have something corresponding to a committee or governing board with power to act in matters affecting the general interests of the whole society, even though in so doing the individual State loses, either in whole or in part, its territory or sovereignty. If there was no such committee the condition of such nations in their international relations would be anarchy. Without taking time to theorize, it is certainly true that the European States are not merely segregated units but a collective society. It is equally certain that this society speaks through the great Powers. The decision of these Powers is well called the Concert of Europe. Denmark is indeed the equal of Great Britain in law; but it is not even legally the equal of Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy when they act together and speak with one voice in a matter of European concern. International law cannot ignore the primacy of the great Powers and does not ignore it, though it is an institution that cuts little figure in many textbooks.

Many illustrations mark the existence and trace the limits of this legal institution. The Congress of Vienna in 1815 established a kingdom called the Netherlands, made up of Holland and Belgium. The assembled Powers bound themselves to protect its sovereignty and independence; but when, in 1830, the Belgians revolted and the king of the Netherlands sought their mediation, the great Powers, all of whom had been parties to the Congress of Vienna, after a new conference held at London, intervened, recognized the independence of Belgium, and by a combined naval and military demonstration established that independence against the will of the remainder of the kingdom. There is no doubt that this action of these Powers was for the best interests of Holland and Belgium, which have never long been successfully administered as one State, as well as of the whole continent. No protest against the conduct of the great Powers appears to have been made by any one outside the Netherlands. The former kingdom possessed the rights of equality and independence under international law, but the event showed that these rights

were subject to the primacy of the great Powers when the question of their continuance was a matter of European concern.

This primacy has often concerned itself with the protection of small States by neutralizing them. Such neutralization has been of great value to the whole continent, including the State which is subjected to it. Still it violates the independence of that State, which is no longer sovereign. A neutralized State is protected against attacks; but on the other hand, it can no longer make war. Its hands are tied. If its people are a spirited race, it would be natural enough for them to resent such protection as obtained by conditions degrading to national honor. In 1815 the great Powers decreed the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland, and in no war since that year have its boundaries been violated. In 1839 neutralization was imposed upon Belgium; and when in 1870 the Franco-Prussian war had involved two of the neutralizing States, Great Britain contracted with Prussia and Belgium to defend the latter against violation of its neutrality by France, and then made a similar contract with France and Belgium as a protection against Prussia. The little Duchy of Luxemburg was the subject of a conference of the Powers at London in 1867. The decree of this conference forced the withdrawal of the Prussian garrison, the destruction of an extensive and complex system of fortifications, and the permanent neutralization of the little State. The Convention of October, 1888, which neutralized the Suez Canal, was signed not only by the six great Powers but also by Turkey, Spain, and the Netherlands. The reason for the additional signatures appears to be that this canal was not merely of importance to Europe as a whole but possessed special importance to Turkey, while it gave Spain communication with its Philippine colonies and the Netherlands a short route to its Eastern possessions. The great Geneva Convention of 1864, which has done so much to relieve war from unnecessary brutality, was a matter of general concern. It was not specially a European affair. The great Powers therefore sought the acceptance of all civilized States to the rules laid down. When again in 1885 a confer-

ence at Berlin established and marked the limits of the Congo Free State the United States was invited to assent to and recognize the result. It seems to be clearly recognized by the great Powers that their primacy does not extend to the concerns of Africa or Asia, though the influence of each, separately brought to bear, will naturally have great weight in determining what forces shall dominate in the East of the future.

The Powers themselves are likely to limit their sphere of action even more strictly in the future. The attempt to bring, on the part of Spain and at its invitation, pressure to bear on the United States to prevent the war over Cuba became in the end a mere polite expression of friendly interest. The protest of the Monroe Doctrine against the system of the Holy Alliance is not likely to require repetition to prevent an extension to this hemisphere of European primacy.

But in matters of general European interest this doctrine is often invoked. What is known as the Eastern question, or the relations which the various parts of the Turkish Empire are to bear in Europe, has long been under the control of the great Powers. They received Turkey into the family of nations in 1856, and thus made it a subject of international law and entitled to the rights conferred by that law; yet in 1878 they recognized the independence of the rebellious Christian provinces—Montenegro, Roumania, and Servia—and thereby created them States in apparent violation of Turkey's rights. At the same time they turned over Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria and made of Bulgaria a self-governing province on the road to independence. All these changes in the map of Europe not only violated technically the rights of Turkey but were equally injurious to the individual interests of one of their own number, Russia, which was thus compelled by the other great Powers to submit to the loss of most of the advantages which it had expected as the result of the successful war with Turkey which it had just ended by the Treaty of San Stefano. Yet it is perfectly evident that Turkey, at least as a European State, owes its continued existence to the primacy of the great Powers. If their protection were withdrawn, a contest with

Russia over Constantinople would without doubt end in the destruction of Turkey and involve Europe in a general conflagration. This problem could not be successfully handled by any institution less powerful than that of primacy, and probably no State except Russia makes, or is likely to make, any serious objection to the course taken by the great Powers in Turkey. That State, through its sultan, will doubtless always argue against measures of reform forced upon it, and procrastinate and indefinitely postpone performance; but that sultan is too astute to be ignorant of the advantage of that interference in his affairs which, though technically a violation of his sovereign rights under the law, is his only salvation against the greed of his powerful neighbor.

The status of Greece also has been under the hegemony of the Powers ever since 1832, when it was made by them independent of Turkey. Neither then nor now capable of self-government, it has been deservedly treated like a weak-minded child. When it showed a disposition to make war upon its powerful neighbor it was for a time restrained by a blockade of its coasts; and as that experience did not seem to demonstrate to it thoroughly the advantages of peace, it was allowed the experience of war with Turkey, which, though of short duration, was sharp, and was only prevented from becoming fatal by another intervention of the Powers to save the little kingdom from the enemies which it had itself provoked. The great Powers form a close corporation. If considered in the light of a governing board or society, they were self-appointed. No congress of all the States chose them to their positions. They add to their own number at pleasure. In 1867 Italy was by their invitation admitted to an equality of membership.

The institution thus described and named the Primacy of the Great Powers may well be deemed merely a stage in the development of international society. It is not an ideal arrangement. There is not mutual confidence enough among its members to enable it to exercise the functions of a great court of arbitration, which should, as it might, prevent all European wars, as it prevents war between Greece and Turkey. But if it is merely a stage, what institution will develop to

take its place? Surely such assemblies as the Hague Conference or such a court for arbitration as it established cannot be a step in advance of primacy, because such assemblies cannot legislate, can bind by their rules no State which does not assent to them, and no court which owes its authority to such a voluntary gathering can enforce the submission of controversies to its jurisdiction or compel obedience to its decree. But would it be possible to assemble representatives of all European States with power to legislate upon matters of continental concern, and to establish and mark the limits of the jurisdiction of some great court which should settle all international controversies? Such a result would be a European confederation, to which each State would necessarily surrender some portion of its sovereignty and power of independent action. If it is conceivable that all the States will become willing to enter such a confederation, will there not arise difficulties as to representation? Will Germany consent to allow Spain, Denmark, and the Netherlands equal voting power with itself? Such a confederation under the present or any easily conceivable conditions is but an idle dream. The concerted action of the great Powers has during the past fifty years prevented many wars, settled many international questions, and taken much action which has been beneficial to Europe as a whole. If, in spite of the other great Powers, Russia massacres its Hebrew subjects and crushes out the language and institutions of the Finns, is not the remedy for such wrong to be sought rather in an extension than diminution of the scope of the authority which the Powers now consider as entrusted to themselves only in matters which affect the interests of all the European States?

Is there anything on the American continent which corresponds to the primacy of the great Powers in Europe? Dr. T. J. Lawrence, an English writer, in his "Principles of International Law" (3d ed., p. 248), asserts that "there can be no doubt that very large powers of supervision have been claimed by the United States for certain definite purposes." In fact, he seems disposed to concede a primacy except as to the internal affairs of European colonies.

The announcement of national policy, known as the Monroe Doctrine, was the first step in a path which can hardly stop short of complete primacy. That announcement was notice to Europe that the primacy of the Holy Alliance, as then existing, a primacy to which the great Powers succeeded, could not as a system be extended to this hemisphere. It was also notice to individual European States that the United States could not view any interposition on their part for the purpose of oppressing any nation on the American continent, or controlling in any other manner its destiny "in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." This announcement included a promise not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of the European Powers. This was meant as a disclaimer of any intention to encroach on the functions of European primacy so far as those functions related to the Continent of Europe. The Monroe Doctrine has relation therefore only to the American Continent and to the Continent of Europe. It has no concern whatever with Asia or Africa, and no activity of the United States in Hawaii or China or the Philippine Islands has the remotest connection either with the language or spirit of President Monroe's great seventh message.

The natural effect of this declaration upon the South American States was a desire to bind the United States to maintain the principle of the Monroe Doctrine and to enforce it for their protection. The powers of the Panama Congress of 1826 were decidedly vague, and, though its failure to accomplish any results worth mentioning was due largely to the party politics of the United States, it afforded an occasion for a further advance along the line of American primacy. In April, 1826, the House of Representatives resolved that the government of the United States ought not "to form any alliance, offensive or defensive, or negotiate respecting such an alliance with all or any of the Spanish-American republics; nor ought they to become parties with them, or either of them, to any joint declaration for the purpose of preventing colonization upon the Continent of America; but that the people of the United States should be left free to act, in any crisis, in such

manner as their feelings of friendship toward these republics and as their honor and policy may at the time dictate." This resolution, which has ever since been treated as part of the Monroe Doctrine, was a distinct notice that the United States claimed the primacy in matters of continental defense against European aggression, and that primacy has always been conceded to it by the States which have stood in need of its protection.

The original statement of the Monroe Doctrine was naturally so drawn as to offend as little as possible the susceptibilities of Great Britain, with which nation our relations were, at the time, unusually friendly. It was deemed necessary to declare that these continents could not be considered as "subjects for future colonization by any European Powers," but that announcement was coupled with the following express disclaimer: "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere." This positive declaration not only created extensive limitations upon the primacy toward which we were even then rapidly tending but was to cause our future diplomacy much trouble. When President Monroe signed his message Cuba seems to have been forgotten, and thus a promise never to interfere with it as a Spanish colony seems to have been thoughtlessly but unequivocally given, in order that Great Britain might not suspect us of claims to control Canada or its other American colonies. But a President's message is not a treaty, and a declaration of one President does not bind his successors, especially when, as in the case of the Monroe message, Congress never joined in approval of its formal expression. Still the unguarded expression of an intention not to interfere hampered all succeeding administrations, and reduced their control over Cuba to declarations that Spain would not be allowed to sell the island to any other Power, coupled with offers of purchase, which were sure to be refused, though many of them, like the Ostend Manifesto, conveyed implied threats that force would be used if rejected.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was, without doubt, in its inception, another serious check upon the growth of the primacy

of the United States. It shows that even as late as 1850 it was not deemed advisable to claim any primacy against Great Britain, and has been the only exception to the rule that the Government of the United States will decline to enter into any combinations or alliances with European Powers for the settlement of American questions.¹

The close of the Civil War and the administration of President Grant mark the next great advance along the line of primacy, a step meant to avoid the limitations as to European colonies in America which had been laid down by Monroe. Mr. Fish, in his report of July, 1870, as Secretary of State, uses this language: "The United States, by the priority of their independence, by the stability of their institutions, by the regard of their people for the forms of law, by their resources as a government, by their naval power, by their commercial enterprise, by the attractions which they offer to European immigration, by the prodigious internal development of their resources and wealth, and by the intellectual life of their population, occupy of necessity a *prominent position on this continent, which they neither can nor should abdicate, which entitles them to a leading voice, and which imposes on them duties of right and honor regarding American questions, whether those questions affect emancipated colonies or colonies still subject to European dominion.*" This State paper was meant as a notice to Spain, and the principle announced goes far beyond that declared in the message of President Monroe. It is in effect a claim of primacy, of the right to deal with all American questions, whether those questions should be of internal or external origin. The language of Secretary Fish in this report may well in the future acquire a significance as great as that of the message of the earlier President. It withdraws forever the promise not to interfere with existing colonies of European States, and it enlarges the scope of the influence and action of the United States to cover all American questions—that is, questions of continental interest. It places, at least in theory, the greatest State on

¹Wharton's "International Law Digest," Vol. I., p. 288.

the American Continent in the same position with reference to the other States and European colonies as the great Powers of Europe occupy on questions of general concern to their continent.

But the report of a Secretary of State can be regarded, when first issued, only as his individual opinion. His learning and character may give it weight. Rules of international law sometimes originate in the opinion of some Attorney-General or Secretary of State or the ruling of some far-seeing judge. But where a national claim is for the first time distinctly advanced, even though that claim is only the logical extension of the scope of other well-established claims, it is necessary to look for national conduct in support of it. The declaration of Secretary Fish remained little more than an academic statement until the Spanish-American War. True, some slight attempts had been made to bring pressure to bear on Chili in behalf of Peru; but the war between those States hardly raised a continental question, and would not have justified more vigorous intervention. But the horrors of the Cuban insurrection against Spain made it necessary to take vigorous action of one State in the affairs of another. It is true that President McKinley never in set terms invoked the institution of primacy as affording a right of intervention. The boldness of his claims on our behalf did not equal that of President Cleveland in his celebrated Venezuela message. The alleged grounds on which the war was begun were the long-continued inhumanity which had marked the attempts to suppress the insurrection, the injury which it caused to our trade, and the expense and trouble which it was causing us in attempting to prevent our citizens from violating our own statutes in favor of the Cubans. But international law does not regard these as valid grounds for the forcible intervention of one State in the affairs of another. Our true, though unacknowledged, ground for intervention was that Cuba, as then governed, constituted an international nuisance; that the abatement of that nuisance was a matter of general concern to all American States; that it was our duty under the circumstances and under our claim of primacy to act for the others

and put an end to the intolerable conditions. Our conduct was consistent with the claim of primacy as an international agency. We did not annex the island; but through the Platt amendment we took measures, which it is hoped will be permanently effective, to prevent a recurrence of the causes which made our former intervention imperative. By our self-restraint, and by the liberality and effectiveness of the temporary American administration, the fitness of the United States to exercise the functions of primacy may fairly be claimed to have been demonstrated.

Much skepticism, both at home and abroad, was expressed as to our motives and intentions; but the result has demonstrated that if any American State becomes an international nuisance the United States, acting on behalf of America, is capable of an intervention which shall not be self-seeking, but shall be of permanent value to the inhabitants of the State in which it takes place. If it was our duty to rescue Cuba from the ill government of Spain, organize its political institutions, and then leave it to work out its future destiny under our protection and, in some respects, under our control, will it not be our duty to intervene in San Domingo or elsewhere if similar conditions of intolerable nuisance exist? A few such interventions, unaccompanied by permanent annexation of territory, and bringing beneficent results to the State in whose affairs we interfere, will remove suspicion as to our motives and give us the unasked support of the party of law and order in every South American country, while the probability of such intervention in the case of great and long-continued disorder will make that intervention generally unnecessary.

It seems as though the European States were more ready to admit our position of primacy than our own citizens are to assert it. The Venezuelan blockade was not undertaken without first consulting the feeling of our government, and the vigorous efforts made to induce the United States to intervene for the settlement of the claims which the European Powers represented, as also the urgent suggestions that our President act as arbitrator between Venezuela and the blockading Powers,

show that those Powers wished us to see that primacy has its duties as well as its privileges.

If the Monroe Doctrine makes it our duty to protect the other American States against European aggression, and especially against the acquisition of any further territory or even coaling stations by European States on this continent, what is to happen if some South American republic gives just cause of war to a foreign country? The latest answer given by our government is that the European States may use force, if given suitable cause, may blockade ports and even take temporary possession of one, and collect the duties levied in it, but that its occupation of American soil must be temporary only. This statement of our national policy was probably intended only for the contingency of the Venezuela affair. It is surely a dangerous policy. If the South American States are to be allowed to fall into conditions like those chronic in San Domingo, and if we will not restore order ourselves, it is safe to predict that good cause of war will be given some creditor nation; and if that cause strongly stirs popular opinion and a true war results, it will be more dangerous for us to attempt to prevent the victorious contestant from securing the reward natural to its success than it would have been to perform the duties of primacy in the beginning and abate the nuisance which caused the war, and by its very existence was a disgrace to our continent and to us as possessing the primacy among its States.

An interoceanic canal is a matter of world-wide as well as continental interest. It is therefore peculiarly within the scope of operation of primacy. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty indicated a view at the time it was negotiated that Great Britain was entitled to an equal voice with ourselves in American affairs. That treaty, its interpretation, and its validity were long subjects of controversy; and its existence, with its implied admissions, long prevented the accomplishment of the very object which it sought. When at last what appeared to be an excellent substitute was negotiated by Secretary Hay, it was refused ratification because of its suggestion that other nations should be invited to join the United States in neu-

tralizing the canal when built. Instinct taught the senators who opposed it that to invite others to join in such neutralization implied that their consent was necessary to the determination of an American question, an implication which was inconsistent with the position which the United States claimed to occupy on this continent.

The negotiation of the canal treaty with Colombia, and the failure of the Senate of that State to ratify that treaty, presented at once in an acute form the question of the duty which the position of primacy imposed upon the United States. Was a measure of incalculable importance to the continent and to the whole world to fail because of the obstinate refusal of Colombia to grant the right of way necessary for the construction of the canal? If a private individual refuses to grant a right of way for a railroad or other public utility, such right is taken, with due compensation by the State, on the principle of eminent domain. The question was likely to be fairly presented to the United States whether there was not an international right of eminent domain for improvements of continental concern, and whether the authority to determine the necessity for the improvement and the amount of proper compensation for the rights taken from one on behalf of all, were not necessarily vested in the Power or Powers which were entitled to a leading voice and were possessed of primacy in the continent directly concerned. Whatever may have been the method which our President was intending to propose to Congress in that message which was never sent, and whatever may have been the legal grounds on which he based it, the quickly moving Panama revolution made their consideration for the present unnecessary.

An occasion for the exercise of international eminent domain may yet, however, occur and force some rules on the subject into text-books of international law. Some trans-continental railroad from Northern Alaska to Magellan Strait may yet be blocked by the refusal of some petty State to allow it a right of way. A precedent may then be established by the leading Power, which will make the principle and the circumstances under which it may be properly exercised as

clear as the limitations of ordinary eminent domain are to students of constitutional law.

The Panama revolution became suddenly a fact. It was followed by an almost instant recognition of independence on the part of the United States, and shortly by similar recognition by the leading European governments. There is no rule of international law which forbids prompt recognition, though doubtless it was, under the circumstances, a *casus belli*, as was the recognition by France of our own independence long ago, or the recognition of the independence of Belgium by the great Powers of Europe. The king of the Netherlands doubtless thought it hard that the same Powers which had created his sovereignty, and up to that time supported it against all other nations, should suddenly dismember it. But it was for the interest of all Europe that Belgium and Holland should be divided, and it was for the interest of all America that the State of Panama should become independent and capable of negotiating a treaty authorizing the construction of the canal. If it should be conceded that the doctrines of equality applied as between Colombia and the United States, it will be hard, if not impossible, to point to any conduct on the part of the latter which would be properly considered a breach of international law; but in this matter the two States were not equal, for the United States acted, as it claims the right to act, on behalf of all the States of the continent in settling a continental question.

The position of primacy carries with it the gravest responsibilities. It is well that we should hesitate at their acceptance. Circumstances force them on us. To refuse to meet them will be to consign the States of this continent to international anarchy, and involve us, through the Monroe Doctrine, in some great war which may easily be avoided if we assume intelligently and in good faith the duties of our position. The intervention in Cuba must be our precedent and guide. We should annex no territory, especially none inhabited by negroes or Spanish-Americans. We should make it clear that we seek neither to exploit the resources nor oppress nor unreasonably control the conduct of others. Our

task is a delicate one. It is our duty to be just, and it is well for us to be generous. An active minority in our Senate, who will consider the conduct of the Executive Department in a critical spirit, who will insist on full information before granting approval, and who will act on their own conclusions, without too much considering the wishes or the financial interests of their constituents, will prevent us from making serious mistakes. We need not hurry along the path of primacy with careless step; but it is useless to hide from ourselves that it is our path, that we have long been walking in it, and that we must follow it to the end.

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REVIEWS.

RECENT WORKS ON SHAKESPEARE AND THE DRAMA.

In "Shakespeare and Voltaire" (Scribners) Prof. Lounsbury continues his subject of the Shakespearean Wars. It is undeniably a brilliant piece of writing, bringing out in full the resources of Prof. Lounsbury's art, his keen logic, trenchant analysis, and merciless exposure; yet the very zeal and persistence in the iterations and repeated proofs of Voltaire's Shakespearean imbecility tantalize, and we cannot help feeling that an extenuation, at least in some points, might be made for the French writer. A Frenchman, and that in the eighteenth century, when many of Shakespeare's countrymen went critically astray, could not be expected to have our point of view of to-day, and, however crafty or petty in much, Voltaire was far more than the small residuum left in our minds by a perusal of Prof. Lounsbury's book. To show how imperfectly Shakespeare's art was understood for a long time by would-be critics even among his fellow-countrymen, to emphasize how Voltaire, who first established the dramatist's fame in France, still misunderstood and later even maligned him, many of the philosopher's positions being untenable and positively absurd—to bring all this out clearly and with pointed effect, this is Prof. Lounsbury's service to literary students.

Have we a trustworthy painting of Shakespeare's face in existence? is a much-mooted question, and the claims of various portraits to genuineness have in their day been considered. Mr. Sidney Lee, in his "Life of Shakespeare," followed authority and singled out the so-called "Droeshout portrait" and the Ely Palace portrait, both now at Stratford, as the only ones bearing "any definable resemblance to the folio engraving or the bust in the church." For it is believed that the folio engraver must have had a painting before him as original, and certainly we like to think of some one making a portrait of the bard from life. "A New Portrait of Shakespeare," by John Corbin (John Lane), is an argument on behalf of the Ely portrait against the "Droeshout" as this original. The book, a fine piece of artistic workmanship, is provided with

reproductions of both paintings and of the folio engraving. The discussion is based upon undoubted personal conviction, but where so many subjective elements enter, the whole matter is full of pitfalls. Where much is in doubt and cannot be proved, it is not surprising that the destructive part of Mr. Corbin's argument carries more conviction than his labor at construction.

Much the same must be said of "Shakespeare and the Rival Poet" (John Lane), in which Mr. Arthur Acheson, of Chicago, adds to the attempts to identify the rival poet of the Sonnets as George Chapman, to throw light upon Shakespeare's relations with his brother poets, and to demonstrate that the rivalry was an enduring and bitter one. According to this ingenious theory, Rosaline, Cleopatra, and Cressida were all poetic idealizations of that willful demon, the "dark lady" of the Sonnets. In the twenty-first Sonnet Shakespeare's satire, it is held, was directed against Chapman's poem, "The Amorous Zodiac"—an inference by no means obvious—and on this depend most of the later steps of the argument. Prof. Minto was the first to seek to identify the rival poet as George Chapman, the translator of Homer, lyrist and dramatist; Mr. Sidney Lee thinks he was one Barnabe Googe, and so on. Many books have been written on the Sonnets—the supposed "key with which Shakespeare unlocked his heart"—and we may be sure many more will be. We have Mr. Dowden's moderate view of a natural meaning, and we have Mr. Sidney Lee's extreme destruction of other extreme theories. Mr. Lee doubtless went too far, but he cleared the atmosphere considerably in extending our knowledge of the Sonnet as a literary species. That many of the Sonnets are early, that much has been made good. But as to their arrangement, meaning, possible symbolism, or autobiographical import, it seems useless to seek, still more to attempt to identify persons through hypotheses more or less fanciful. And yet that Shakespeare scholarship has grown apace and that our knowledge of the Elizabethan drama has been widely extended by late investigation, we cannot deny. Mr. Acheson's labors throw new light upon two great poets and call attention to new phases of their work,

though we may not accept all the conclusions he draws from his comparisons.

Prof. Tolman has contributed a monograph to the Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago on "Shakespeare's 'Love's Labour's Won,'" reviewing the several theories held and offering some evidence and conviction that by this title may be meant "The Taming of the Shrew," a play on which Prof. Tolman had done previous work in determining its sources and its authorship. Numerous views have been held that a genuine Shakespearean play with this title has been lost, which is hardly likely; that this is merely a second title for "Love's Labor's Lost" used in Mere's notable list to secure symmetry; or, severally, that it is another title for "Midsummer Night's Dream" or for "The Tempest" or for "All's Well"—a hitherto commonly accepted theory, since parts of the play show evidences of early authorship—or for "Much Ado" on account of parallelisms and contrasts with "Love's Labour's Lost." Finally we have Prof. Tolman's suggestion that it may be "The Taming of the Shrew," because this play was written before Mere's list, and its omission is hard to explain on other grounds, and that by the change of title to "*The Shrew*," as opposed to another play with a similar title, "*A Shrew*," Shakespeare was reworking and reclaiming a play as his own.

Prof. Moulton's well-known inductive methods in the study of literature have produced another volume, "The Moral System of Shakespeare" (Macmillan). It is always interesting to hear what Prof. Moulton has to say, though we are not persuaded that the accompanying diagrams and analyses, however suggestive, constitute the best method of dealing with Shakespeare before a class or for imparting the literary value of a play. Prof. Moulton believes that the drama is based upon life, that moral laws may be discerned in life, and that the dramatist, being true to life, has thereby necessarily illustrated these principles, and so produced a "moral system." That Shakespeare's work is at basis profoundly ethical, as all great literature and art become, may be accepted; but it is possible that some of the details are the result of a too particular attitude of mind. Still Shakespeare is the great and typical Englishman, and

the English mind and nature in every age have loved moralizing.

A number of good school editions of the "Merchant of Venice" have appeared to meet the demand consequent upon this play being introduced into the requirements for admission to college. We notice a new edition by W. J. Rolfe, of Cambridge, Mass., with a working over and diminution of the critical apparatus (American Book Co.), and other editions by Prof. F. E. Schelling, of Pennsylvania (American Book Co.), Prof. T. M. Parrott, of Princeton (Henry Holt), and Prof. Robert Sharp, of Tulane (B. F. Johnson Co.).

We need never expect editions of Shakespeare to cease. A new one, four volumes of which have appeared, is "The First Folio Shakespeare," edited "with notes, introduction, glossary, lists of variorum readings and selected criticism," by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke (Crowell). That these editors have produced such acceptable work as the "Camberwell" Robert Browning and the "Coxhoe" Mrs. Browning, and that the printing is from the De Vinne Press, are guarantees of the daintiness of each volume. The idea, too, is happy—to go back to the First Folio and reproduce in a convenient pocket size the text of 1623, that of Shakespeare's fellows and editors, in the original spelling and punctuation, with notes of all important changes made since. In the abundant and usually excellent notes or "Literary Illustrations" some weakness in Latin may be detected. The same editors and publishers give us the "Pembroke Shakespeare" complete in twelve twelvemo volumes, which reproduces the same text as the "First Folio," but without its extensive critical and literary apparatus.

The first volume of the long-heralded "Elizabethan Shakespeare: Macbeth," "with critical text in Elizabethan English and brief notes illustrative of Elizabethan life, thought, and idiom," by Mark Harvey Liddell (Doubleday, Page & Co.), has appeared, and is dedicated to the editor's master, Prof. Napier, of Oxford. It is an extremely scholarly piece of work, and has involved hard and painstaking labor—and yet it is a question whether it will supersede other work and how far it is needed just in this form. The appearance is against it as

compared with Dr. Furness's *Variorum* edition. It is essentially a library book, and libraries generally will purchase it to complete their Shakespeare editions now rapidly multiplying. Dr. Liddell's views will in cases be cited, his work will be one more gigantic book of reference, if completed; but that it prove to be more, with all the editor's scholarship, zeal, and labor, may be honestly doubted. Perhaps a new Shakespeare Dictionary or Lexicon, combined with a grammar and syntax and mooted readings and questions, in the light of modern linguistic science, would have served scholarship better than a new edition where an instructive note is either lost or must be searched for toilsomely out of an overcrowded mass of details. It is hardly a question whether the armor of Shakespearean annotation will not break down in the attempt to furnish a play with too great paraphernalia.

We have studies not only of Shakespeare but also of the development of the drama before Shakespeare. A splendid example of this interest is the volume of "Representative English Comedies: From the Beginnings to Shakespeare," edited by Prof. C. M. Gayley, of California (Macmillan). The editor introduces the work with a scholarly "Historical View of the Beginnings of English Comedy," and after two of John Heywood's "Interludes" and "Roister Doister" and "Gammer Gurton," Lyly and Peele and Greene are each represented by a comedy, followed by "The Two Angry Women of Abyngton." Each play is preceded by a critical essay respectively by Mr. A. W. Pollard, Prof. Flügel, Mr. Henry Bradley, Prof. G. P. Baker, Prof. Gummere, Prof. Woodberry, and Prof. Gayley. The volume closes with a characteristic essay by Mr. Dowden on "Shakespeare as a Comic Dramatist." Where all is good, it is ungenerous to discriminate; but Mr. Pollard's judgment on Heywood's place in comedy, Mr. Bradley's ascription of "Gammer Gurton" to William Stevenson and not to Bishop Still, and particularly Prof. Gummere's insight into Peele's use of folklore for making fun, have a special interest.

The Clarendon Press of Oxford has projected a series of new and scholarly editions of Shakespeare's predecessors and contemporaries. If the other volumes result so happily as these

first ventures, it will prove to be a notable set. Those that have appeared are "The Works of Thomas Kyd," edited by Frederic S. Boas, in one volume, and "The Complete Works of John Lyly," edited by R. Warwick Bond, in three volumes. Not only do the Kyd and Lyly editions supply a great need—for there was none at all of Kyd's writings, and the two volumes of Fairholt's Lyly had become antiquated—but they are excellent instances of clean and modern scholarship, models of English clearness united with the scientific apparatus of German methods. The special literary value of these volumes is the emphasis on the relations of both the authors to Shakespeare, and their unquestioned influence upon the latter's dramatic work. "The Spanish Tragedy"; or, "Jeronimo is Mad Again" was known as Kyd's, but little else was known. The other play of "Jeronimo," about which much discussion has turned, Mr. Boas denies to Kyd. But a rather good array of material is left to him; and his personality, from being shadowy, has become fairly definite. Kyd's personal relations with Marlowe and Kyd's accusation of Marlowe leave a less favorable impression. By a remarkable process of deduction it has been concluded by scholars that among the plays of Kyd is the original Hamlet tragedy, now lost, which was the basis of Shakespeare's great drama. As Kyd's work, together with Marlowe's, was the most definite influence on Shakespearean tragedy, so Lyly's prose plays had a marked influence upon the form and structure of Shakespearean comedy. Even if Mr. Bond is inclined to exaggerate this influence, it is still undeniably great, passing into many details, while Lyly's imaginative story of "Euphues" marks an era in the artistic development of English prose. Further companion volumes of the Clarendon Press are two on "The Mediæval Stage," by E. K. Chambers, a far-reaching discussion of mediæval development which shows admirable grasp. A full "List of Authorities" precedes; the material is treated under the general divisions of Minstrelsy, the Folk Drama, the Religious Drama, and the Interludes, while numerous Appendices full of original documentary illustration conclude the work. All six of these volumes are indispensable to students of the Elizabethan drama and to libraries.

NOTES.

THE initial volume of a series of books intended to bring together, for the first time, the materials for a history of American art came from the press in the holiday tide, with the appearance of a holiday gift book. It is "The History of American Sculpture," by Lorado Taft, Member of the National Sculpture Society (New York: Macmillan Company). In form it is an imperial octavo, of five hundred and forty-four pages, embellished by twelve photogravures, and more than one hundred illustrations in the text, of sculptures which represent the development of the plastic art from the time of the founding of the nation down to the present time. Mr. Taft is himself a sculptor as well as an intelligent art critic; consequently we have from him a history of American sculpture of especial value because written from the sculptor's point of view. His review of the field is so exhaustive that the book might serve as a catalogue of all the sculpture that has been thus far produced in America. The bibliography of the subject presented in an appendix is apparently complete, including not only the few books relating to the history of sculpture in this country but also the magazine articles on the subject. That it is so brief goes far to prove that the great bulk of the volume before us is original material, and presented to the reading and art-loving public for the first time. The series of American art histories, thus happily inaugurated, is edited by Prof. John C. Van Dyke, of Rutgers.

Mr. Taft's book clearly shows that the year 1876, the date of the Centennial Exposition in this country, was a great landmark in the history of American sculpture and that the later followers of the plastic art have worked under new conditions. The trend of the student has been to Paris, rather than to Italy as in the former period; and most important of all, the habit of American sculptors in the later period has been to make their own country the scene and the inspiration of their labors. This has enabled Mr. Charles H. Caffin to write in his "American Masters of Sculpture" (Doubleday, Page &

Co.) "Brief appreciations of some American sculptors and of some phases of sculpture in America," and to treat in special chapters of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, George Grey Barnard, J. Q. A. Ward, Daniel Chester French, Frederick Macmonnies, Paul Weyland Bartlett, Herbert Adams, Charles Henry Niehaus, the late Olin Levi Warner, Solon Hannibal Borglum, and Victor David Brenner; while not withholding their meed of appreciation from other American sculptors in his chapters on the Decorative Motive and the Ideal Motive. The numerous photogravures which embellish the book prove that his title is well chosen and that America has her "Masters of Sculpture." The book is a worthy companion of Mr. Taft's "History," and is, as every contribution to art lore should be, a masterpiece of artistic book-making.

Mr. John Lane, at the Bodley Head, further emphasized his distinction as a publisher on art subjects in issuing for the holidays two attractive publications. "The Art Album of the *International Studio*" comprised one hundred representative plates, full page, that have appeared in that Magazine of Arts and Crafts within seven years, giving, in a sense, a survey of the progress of the arts and some indication as to the variety of taste, subject-matter, and treatment in this period. Also the special winter number of the *Studio* was a handsome volume on "The Genius of J. M. W. Turner," edited by Charles Holme, and bountifully illustrated and provided with special plates in color. The plates and illustrations were further interpreted by specific essays on "Turner's Monochromes and Water Colours" and "The Later Water Colours," by Walter S. Sparrow, "The Oil Paintings of Turner," by Robert de la Sizeranne, and "Turner and His Engravers," by C. F. Bell.

The following works, some of which are reserved for later discussion, have been received:

AMERICAN HISTORY:

"South Carolina as a Royal Province, 1719-1776," by Dr. W. Roy Smith, of Bryn Mawr College, comprising chapters on the Land System,

Government, Militia and Defense, Financial History, Downfall of Royal Government, etc. (Macmillan.)

"Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society, Vol. VII.," Twenty-Eight Papers with Index, Edited by Prof. Franklin L. Riley, of the University of Mississippi.

"Memoirs of the Fort and Fannin Families" of Georgia and Tennessee, Edited and Compiled by Kate Haynes Fort, of Chattanooga, Tenn. (MacGowan & Cooke Co., Chattanooga.)

CHURCH AND EUROPEAN HISTORY:

"Historical Lectures and Addresses," by the late Bishop Mandell Creighton, Edited by Louise Creighton. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

BIOGRAPHY:

"Napoleon the First," by August Fournier, Translated from the German by Margaret B. Corwin and Arthur D. Bissell, and Edited by Prof. Edward G. Bourne, of Yale. (Henry Holt.)

"With Napoleon at St. Helena: Being the Memoirs of Dr. John Stokoe, Naval Surgeon," Translated from the French of Paul Frémeaux by Edith S. Stokoe. (John Lane.)

"The Life of Frederic William Farrar," Sometime Dean of Canterbury, by his son, Reginald Farrar, with Illustrations, Bibliography, and Index. (Crowell.)

"Life and Letters of Thomas T. Carter," Warden of the House of Mercy, Clewer, the Reviver of the Sisterhoods in the English Church, and for thirty-six years Rector of Clewer, Edited by the Ven. W. H. Hutchings, with portraits and other illustrations. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"New Light on the Life of Jesus," by the Rev. Charles A. Briggs, D.D., of New York. (Scribners.)

"The Story of Our Lord's Life," by Maud Montgomery, with eight colored plates after Gaudenzio Ferrari. (Longmans.)

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY:

"Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society," by Prof. Richard T. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, a volume in the Citizen's Library. (Macmillan.)

"The Laws of Imitation," by Gabriel Tarde, Professor in the *Collège de France* and Member of the *Institut*, Translated from the French by Elsie C. Parsons, of Barnard College, with an Introduction by Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University. (Henry Holt.)

"Organization and Public Opinion," an Address delivered at the Convention of the Interstate Retail Coal Dealers' Association, Chicago, June 23, 1903, by Herman Justi (pamphlet).

"Why Women Do Not Want the Ballot"—two bound volumes of miscellaneous papers and pamphlets by various writers, issued by the Massachusetts Association Opposed to the Further Extension of Suffrage to Women, Boston.

"Sophisms of Free Trade and Popular Political Economy Examined," by Sir John B. Byles. A New Edition with an Introduction and Notes

by William S. Lilly, of the Inner Temple, and Charles S. Devas, of Balliol College, Oxford. (John Lane.)

EDUCATION :

"A New School Management," by Prof. L. Seeley, of Trenton, N. J. (Hinds & Noble, New York.)

The Educational Era, Vol. I., Nos. 1 and 2, Edited by President E. B. Craighead and Prof. R. T. Kerlin, of the Missouri State Normal School.

"Our Language: Grammar," by Prof. C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of North Carolina. (B. F. Johnson Co., Richmond.)

GENERAL LITERATURE :

"A History of American Literature, 1607-1865," by Prof. William P. Trent, of Columbia University—a volume in the series of Short Histories of the Literatures of the World, Edited by Edmund Gosse. (Appleton.)

"Introduction to Classical Latin Literature," by Prof. William Cranston Lawton, of Adelphi. (Scribners.)

"A Literary History of Persia," from the Earliest Times until Firdawsi, by Edward G. Browne, Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge—the Library of Literary History. (Scribners.)

"Modern English Prose," Selected and Edited by George R. Carpenter and William T. Brewster, Professors in Columbia University. (Macmillan.)

"A Primer of English Literature," by Abby W. Howes. (Heath.)

"The Principles of Criticism," an Introduction to the Study of Literature, by W. Basil Worsfold, of University College, Oxford, New Edition. (Longmans.)

"Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism," by Prof. F. V. N. Painter, of Roanoke College, Virginia. (Ginn.)

"Various Views," consisting of thirty leading articles written for *The Dial* (Chicago) in recent years, by William Morton Payne. (McClurg.)

"Gilbert White's *The Natural History of Selborne*," Edited with Notes by Grant Allen; Profusely Illustrated by Edmund H. New, and with Appendix, containing Marginalia by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, here printed for the first time, Bibliography, and Index. (John Lane.)

"Samuel Smiles's *Self-Help*," Edited by R. L. Bower, Eclectic School Readings. (American Book Co.)

"Macaulay's *Life of Johnson*," Edited by A. P. Walker, of Boston. (Heath.)

DRAMA :

"*El Dorado*, A Tragedy," by Ridgely Torrence. (John Lane.)

"*The Canterbury Pilgrims*," by Percy Mackaye. (Macmillan.)

"*Eastward Hoe*," by Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston; and Ben Jonson's "*The Alchemist*," Edited by Prof. F. E. Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania; and Goldsmith's "*The Good-Natured Man*" and "*She Stoops to Conquer*," Edited by Austin Dobson—the first two volumes in the Belles-Letters Series, Section III., General Editor, Prof. George P. Baker, of Harvard. (Heath.)

FICTION:

"A Bachelor in Arcady," by Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Crowell.)

"The K. K. K.," a Story of the Ku Klux Klan, by C. W. Tyler. (North River Publishing House, New York.)

POETRY:

"The Complete Works of Edmund Spenser," with an Introduction by Prof. William P. Trent, of Columbia University, and Life, by J. Walker McSpadden. (Crowell.)

"The Complete Poetical Works of Adelaide Anne Procter," with an Introduction by Charles Dickens. (Crowell.)

"The Faerie Queene," by Edmund Spenser, with Introduction by Prof. W. P. Trent, of Columbia; "The Canterbury Tales," by Geoffrey Chaucer, with Introduction by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury, of Yale; "The Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary," with Introduction by Prof. Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley, three volumes in the Astor Edition of Poets. (Crowell.)

"Select Translations from Old English Poetry," Edited by Prof. A. S. Cook, of Yale, and Dr. C. B. Tinker, of Bryn Mawr College. (Ginn.)

"Poems of Tennyson," Edited by Dr. Henry Van Dyke and D. Laurence Chambers, of Princeton, The Athenæum Press Series. (Ginn.)

"Tennyson's Idylls of the King, Selections," Edited by Dr. Willis Boughton, of New York, Standard English Classics. (Ginn.)

"Poets of the South," Biographical and Critical Studies with Typical Poems Annotated by Prof. F. V. N. Painter, of Roanoke College, Va. (American Book Co.)

"Poems of Philip Freneau," Vol. II., 1779-1790, Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee. (Princeton, the University Library.)

PHILOLOGY:

"Palatal Diphthongization of Stem Vowels in the Old English Dialects," by Prof. Clarence G. Child, a Thesis in conformity with the requirements for the Doctor of Philosophy at the Johns Hopkins University. (Publications of the University of Pennsylvania.)

PHILOSOPHY:

"The Philosophy of Ernest Renan," by Herman G. A. Brauer, a Thesis for the Doctor of Philosophy. (*Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin.*)

"Pascal and the Port Royalists," by Dr. William Clark; "David Hume and His Influence on Philosophy and Theology," by Dr. James Orr; "Rousseau and Naturalism in Life and Thought," by Prof. William Henry Hudson—three volumes in the World's Epoch-Makers Series, Edited by Oliphant Smeaton. (Scribners.)

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION:

"Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," by Clarence King, a New Edition of the papers written in 1864-1874 in connection with the Geological Survey of California made by Prof. J. D. Whitney and his staff. (Scribners.)

MISCELLANEOUS:

Webster's New Standard Dictionary, Library Edition. (Laird & Lee, Chicago.)